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POEMS OF GOLDSMITH.

We have copied from a recent illustrated edition of Goldsmith's Poems some new designs. They are full of meaning, and in the English copy, beautifully rendered. No branch of art is making steadier and richer progress in our day than the art of engraving upon wood. The time has gone by when woodcuts were considered merely as picturesque aids to the text. Sentiment is now conveyed by the joint labor of designer and engraver, as thoroughly as by language.

Goldsmith is old, but any really good presentations of his pathetic or picturesque scenes to the eye, will always carry with them a new interest. Truth to nature in an author, will feed hosts of minds, as well in picture, as in the lines which embody it. We may probably take another occasion for renewing our acquaintance with the dainty cuts of this new rendering of poor Goldsmith's poems.

From "Eliza Cook's Journal."

JASMIN, THE BARBER-POET.

France, like England, has its poets of the people—workmen who cheer their toil by happy thoughts, and whose glorious and triumphant songs are oft-times heard ringing clear and beautiful, high above the din and *mêlée* of the battle of life. You may detect in their poetic offerings a want of that classical taste and polish which are the result of careful scholastic culture; sometimes they are obscured by the rude *patois* of the remote country district in which these poets grow, as are the Doric effusions of our own Scottish Burns; and yet you cannot fail at once to see that the true fire burns in them—that their lips have been touched by the live coal from the altar, and that their hearts and souls are inspired with the true spirit of poetry.

Of such is Jasmin, one of the greatest living poets of France, though he is—yes! let us confess it—a barber! A barber-poet, one would scarcely expect this! Yet it is so. Burns a peasant, Bloomfield and Clare ploughboys; these do not seem out of keeping with the poetic character—they have heard the lark's song filling the heavens, as the happy bird fanned the milk-white cloud with its wing—listened to the purling of the brook, the bleating of sheep, the milk-maid's and reaper's song; and their minds were daily fed upon the choicest influences of nature. But a barber and hair-dresser, what poetic associations has he, any more than a tailor can have? And yet there are poetic tailors too; and why not? Has any one read Gerald Massey's poems? If so, they will see the true and unmistakable poetic fire burning brightly there. And Jasmin is a barber, and disdains not the craft, but loves it, for it gives him independence. He ennobles it, he glorifies it, for the lowliest work is elevated by pure and happy thought; it is lifted and lighted up by the voice of song and the beautiful utterances of poetry.

Barbers, however, are usually accounted men of spirit and wit in France. Thus Beaumarchais makes Figaro the barber, the

wit of his famous play; Le Sage, in his "Gil Blas," pays the same compliment to the craft. In Spain and Italy, the barber is often the one brilliant man in his town or village, and his shop is the place where all the news of the district circulates, and in which all sorts of delightful intrigues are contrived. But barbers are often men of intelligence and parts; and those who are familiar with the life of Moliere, the greatest of French wits, will remember what long hours he used to spend with his cherished friend the barber of Pezenas.

But France has also a baker-poet, almost as well known as Jasmin; we mean Jacques Reboul, the baker of Nismes. Reboul is, however, rather a classical French poet, than a poet of the people, like Jasmin. He writes and sings with classic purity and grace, nothing ashamed of his daily work, by which he makes his bread, but elevating and ennobling it by his pure life, his glorious thoughts, and his inspired songs. There is a little touching piece of his called "The Angel and the Child," which is probably one of the most charming eulogies ever written.

Jasmin belongs to the town of Agen, on the Garonne, a fine river flowing across the the province of Guienne, in the south of France; Agen is there called "the eye of Guienne." In the distance are seen the peaks of the lofty Pyrenees, a range of mountains holding in their embrace some of the finest scenery in Europe. Jasmin was born in 1798, at the close of that expiring century of woe and destruction; he first saw the light in a dingy ruin peopled with rats, in the corner of an old street of the town above-named. His father was a hunchback, and his mother a cripple; the home was a very poor and miserable one, and the hunchback father, who was a tailor, could with difficulty make both ends meet. Little Jasmin was brought into the world during the noise of a frightful *charivari* which was being inflicted on some unpopular neighbor, and amidst the thundering noise of horns, old pans, marrow-bones and cleavers, what should be the first sounds to fall on the future poet's ear but some thirty couplets of a song, shouted by the mob, the composition of his own father? For old Jasmin the tailor, though he could not read, composed by some sort of born instinct, the greater part of the burlesque songs sung at the *charivaris*, so usual in that part of the country. So that Jasmin possesses a kind of poetic descent, as he himself sometimes jocularly boasts.

The little child grew; he throve, at the bottom of his poor little cradle, all crammed with lark's feathers; slender, small, yet nourished by healthy milk, and happy as a king's son. Seven years passed; he could now, horn in hand, and paper cap on his head, accompany his father in the *charivaris* of the neighborhood. But his great delight, above all, was to ramble among the woods, in the little islands of the Garonne, which were filled with willow-trees. "Naked-footed, and naked-headed," he says, "I plunged among the green boughs; I wasn't alone; sometimes there were twenty, sometimes thirty of us. Oh! how my soul leapt, when we all set out together at midday, singing 'The Lamb whom Thou hast given, (a well-known carol in the South.) The very recollection to this day delights me. 'To the island! to the island!' shouted the boldest, and then all made haste to land, and each to gather together his bundle of fagots. The bundle was made up an hour before nightfall; the rest of the time was spent in play. And then the return, so glorious it was! On thirty heads, tripped along thirty fagot-bundles; and thirty voices sung, as at setting out, the same burden."

At last, school was thought of—a word, the very sound of which frightened him. His grandfather handed over to his poor mother, for this purpose, a small sum of money, which he had scraped together by carrying parcels; but the family was too poor to use it thus; it was needed to buy bread. One day, when little Jasmin was playing about the street, he saw an old man being carried along in an old chair, by the hospital-porters. He looked; it was his grandfather! "Whither are you going, dear grandfather? Why do you weep? And why are you leaving your dear little grandchildren, that love you so?" "My child," said the old man, "I am going to the hospital; it is there that the Jasmins die." Five days after, he died; and from that Monday, the child, for the first time, knew that the Jasmins were poor.

All these touching recollections are brought out in a little poem which Jasmin afterwards published, entitled, "*Mous Soubenis*," (*Mes Souvenirs,*) and which is a graphic piece of

poetic autobiography, composed and grouped into little pictures with consummate art. The above incidents are from the first portion of the poem; the second commences by a pitiful inventory of his mean dwelling, and a picture of the miserable condition of the nine persons belonging to the poor household. At last, great was the joy one happy day! His mother came in with a bright face, and said, "To school, to school, my son!" "What," said the little boy, "have we become rich, then?" "No, poor little thing; but you are to go for nothing!" So the child applied himself: in six months he could read; six months after he went to mass; six months after, among the singers in the choir, he chanted the *Tantum ergo;* and, finally, in another six months he entered the seminary *gratis*. But he staid there only six months; nevertheless, he had already begun to distinguish himself. He had obtained one prize, and this prize was an old worn-out cassock, which was trimmed up for his wearing, though he felt some shame at donning so old-fashioned a piece of goods. But he was not to wear it long. Wicked little Jasmin was turned out of school in consequence of a rather ticklish trick which he played to a certain girl named Jeanneton, mounted on a ladder, and whose details Jasmin describes in his "*Souvenirs*" with considerable gusto. He was locked up in one of the canon's rooms; and what should he there do—what sweeter task could he undertake—than that of testing the quality of the monk's sweetmeats and preserves? He was found out—a second fault—and driven forth from the seminary. Home ran the poor little Jasmin to his mother's house in the old street. It was Shrove-Tuesday. The table was set for dinner, and there was a morsel of mutton just cooked, about to be served up. Jasmin enters, tells his story, and excites general consternation. "Then we shall have no more," said the distressed mother, sobbing. "We shall have no more?" asked little Jasmin—"of what?" The mother explained: it was of *miche*—white bread—which she daily used to get a portion of at Jasmin's seminary; a terrible loss for the poor family! But suddenly an idea seemed to strike the mother; and, going out, she bid the hungry children wait a moment, and hope. She soon returned, bringing a bit of bread in her hand; and the children, now happy round the table, forgot their distress. Jasmin alone was thoughtful, and sought to divine the meaning of that sad smile upon his poor mother's face. She took the knife to carve the tiny bit of mutton, and he cast a glance at her finger;—ah! the secret was out! she had sold her wedding-ring!

Here ends the second part of Jasmin's little history. The third transports us to the attic of a house, with a sky-blue front, where Jasmin, now an apprentice to a barber, watches by night the rustling leaves of a neighboring linden-tree. There, under the tiles, he passed a part of every night in reading, in reverie, and in versification. He read "Florian" with delight, and in his pictures, all misery is forgotten; the hospital, the beggar's wallet, the mother's ring: these had now all vanished from his memory. The singer of Gardon (Ducray-Dumesnil) especially bewitched him, and he tried his own hand at composing verses in the sweet *patois*, which he spoke so well. Meanwhile he kept his razor going, and scraped many chins, with his head full of poetry. Love, too, that blessed drop in the cup of life, illuminated his lot; and, with an eye to the future, he shortly opened a little barber's shop on his own account, on the *Gravier* promenade, where he cut, curled, and shaved, to their hearts' content, a "discerning public." He got on slowly at first; then quicker; then his little shop got well filled, and he prospered; as the proverb says, "it never rains but it pours." In short, curls, scissors, and razors, diligently handled, did their work in time; and, besides, there were Jasmin's songs, which soon sent a silver tide of good fortune into his shop; so much so that, in a fit of poetic ardor, Jasmin broke in pieces the old redoubted chair in which all his fathers had been carried to the hospital. He, in place of going to the hospital, went to a notary; and, finally, the first of his family, he saw his name emblazoned in the lists of the tax-collector. What an honor for the Jasmin stock!

His wife, born in nearly the same rank of life as himself, is a woman of good sense, some imagination, and of a very picturesque style of speaking, in her native *patois*, which comes quite gracefully from her lips. At first she was a sworn enemy of verse-writing, and used to hide Jasmin's pens and paper; but since she learnt the market value

of her husband's rhymes, she handed him in the most gracious manner, the nicest pen and the prettiest paper she could get. "*Courage!*" she would say to him; "each verse is another tile for our house-roof." And all the family joined in the cry—"make verses! make verses!" So things went happily and prosperously with Jasmin, and before long he was enabled to buy the house he lived in, tiles and all.

Jasmin published his first poem in 1825; it was called "The Charivari," and was a burlesque account of an old widow, who dreams of remarrying. It is prefaced by a fine ode addressed to M. Dupront, an advocate of Agen, and who was himself a poet. Other works followed, the most important of which are "The Papillotes," (or curl-papers, showing that he was not ashamed of his craft;) "The Blind Girl of Castél-Cuillé;" and "My Recollections," (Mous Soubenis.) The "Blind Girl" has been admirably translated by Longfellow, and is to be found in the last edition of his poems, to which we have pleasure in referring the reader. Jasmin's best pieces are written in his native *patois;* when he writes in classical French, it is clear that he is writing in an acquired language, into which he has to translate the poetic color, the image, and the idea, that come to him in his native dialect. There is a beautiful *naïveté* about the writings of Jasmin. They are simple, quaint, and full of nature. Yet they are artfully elaborated too, and Jasmin does not spare pains in the elaboration of his poetic thoughts. Sometimes his simple force rises to the sublime, as in his "*Oiseaux Voyageurs.*" His meaning is always obvious, never ambiguous; and his verse is as clear and flowing as the waters of the limped Adour. "The Faithful Agenaise" of Jasmin is one of his most popular romances in his own district, and as well known over a wide country as the "Charmante Gabrielle," of Henri IV. Had he lived in a former age, Jasmin had been the most famous of the troubadour minstrels. As it is, he sings with taste, and plays the guitar and flageolet, with his performance on which he sometimes amuses his visitors.

Jasmin has been invited to Paris, to settle there; many kind friends have thus tempted him; but Jasmin is true to his trade, which he will not give up, and faithful to his native town, which he will not leave. "Why should I change my lot?" he said to a rich gentleman of Toulouse, who wanted him to go there. "In my town, where every body works, leave me as I am. In summer, happier than a king, I glean provision enough for the coming winter, and after I have sung away like a chaffinch under the shade of a poplar or ash tree, how happy shall I be to grow white-haired in the place that has given me birth. When the young sparrow hears in the summer time, the sweet *zigo ziou, ziou,* of the tripping grasshopper, it springs out and leaves the nest where the feathers of its wings have been growing. But the wise man acts not so." Jasmin has, however, visited Paris and been welcomed there by many kind friends and admirers. Writing afterwards to a friend whom he had visited, he said "You have quite *salonized* me." But he returned to his native Agen, enjoying the fame of his muse and the esteem of all his town's folks.

Miss Costello, in her interesting book on "Bearn and the Pyrenees," has given a charming description of Jasmin and his home. She found his shop by the prominent announcement of "Jasmin, Coiffeur," (hair-dresser,) in large gold letters over the door. The poet was dressing a customer's hair when the visitor entered, but his wife, a smiling, dark-eyed woman, invited her into the back-parlor, when she took pride in exhibiting the laurel crown of gold from Toulouse, the gold cup from the citizens of Auch, and numerous other choice offerings to her husband's muse.

"When we had become nearly tired," says Miss Costello, "of looking over these tributes to his genius, the door opened, and the poet himself appeared. His manner was free and unembarrassed, well-bred, and lively; he received our compliments naturally, and like one accustomed to homage; said he was ill, and unfortunately too hoarse to read any thing to us, or should have been delighted to do so. He spoke with a broad Gascon dialect, and very rapidly and eloquently; ran over the story of his successes, told us that his grandfather had been a beggar, and all his family very poor; that he was now as rich as he wished to be; his son placed in a good position in Nantes; then showed us his son's picture, and spoke of his disposition, to which his brisk little wife added, that though no fool, he had not his father's genius, to which truth Jasmin assented as a matter of course." The visitor praised some of the poet's writings, mention-

ing them by name; and then Jasmin, forgetting his hoarseness, proposed to read her something of his much better those she had named. He read "Franconette," a touching poem. "He began in a rich, soft voice, and as he advanced, the surprise of Hamlet on hearing the player king recite the disasters of Hecuba was but a type of ours, to find ourselves carried away by the spell of his enthusiasm. His eyes swam in tears; he became pale and red; he trembled; he recovered himself; his face was now joyous, now exulting, gay, jocose, in fact, he was twenty actors in one; he rang the changes from Rachel to Bouffé; and he finished by delighting us, besides beguiling us of our tears, and overwhelming us with astonishment. He would have been a treasure on the stage; for he is still, though his first youth is past, remarkably good-looking and striking; with black, sparkling eyes, of intense expression; a fine, ruddy complexion; a countenance of wondrous mobility; a good figure, and action full of fire and grace; he has handsome hands, which he uses with infinite effect; and, on the whole, he is the best actor of the kind I ever saw."

Jasmin is still living and thriving; and not long since he published another new poem which is pronounced equal to any of his former efforts.

Since the above article was in type, an interesting account of Jasmin, from the pen of the *Morning Chronicle* Commissaire, now in France, came under our notice, from which we take the following extract:—

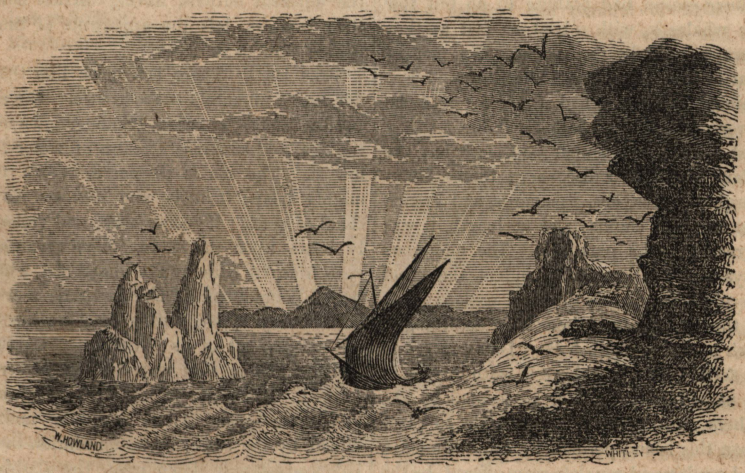
"I paused before the lintel of the modest shop inscribed, *Jasmin, Perruquier, Coiffeur de jeunes Gens.* A little brass basin dangled above the threshold; and, looking through the glass, I saw the master of the establishment shaving a fat-faced neighbor. Now, I had come to see, and pay my compliments to a poet, and there did appear to me to be something strangely awkward and irresistibly ludicrous in having to address, to some extent, in a literary and complimentary vein, an individual actually engaged in so excessively prosaic and unelevated a species of performance. I retreated, uncertain what to do, and waited outside until the shop was clear. Three words explained the nature of my visit, and Jasmin received me with a species of warm courtesy, which was very peculiar and very charming, dashing at once, with the most clattering volubility and fiery speed of tongue, into a sort of rhapsodical discourse upon poetry in general, and the *patois* of it, spoken in Languedoc, Provence, and Gascony in particular. Jasmin is a well-built and strongly-limbed man, of about fifty, with a large, massive head, and a broad pile of forehead, overhanging two piercingly bright black eyes, and features which would be heavy, were they allowed a moment's repose from the continual play of the facial muscles, sending a never-ending series of varying expressions across the dark, swarthy visage. Two sentences of his conversation were quite sufficient to stamp his individuality. The first thing which struck me was the utter absence of all the mock-modesty, and the pretended self-underrating, conventionally assumed by persons expecting to be complimented upon their sayings and doings. Jasmin seemed thoroughly to despise all such flimsy hypocrisy. 'God only made four Frenchmen poets,' he out with, 'and their names are, Corneille, Lafontaine, Beranger, and Jasmin!' Talking with the most impassioned vehemence, and the most redundant energy of gesture, he went on to declaim against the influences of civilization upon language and manners, as being fatal to all real poetry. If the true inspiration yet existed upon earth, it burned in the hearts and brains of men far removed from cities, *salons*, and the clash and din of social influences. Your only true poets were the unlettered peasants, who poured forth their hearts in song—not because they wished to make poetry, but because they were joyous and true. Colleges, academies, and schools of learning, schools of literature, and all such institutions, Jasmin denounced as the curse and the bane of true poetry. They had spoiled, he said, the very French language. You could no more write poetry in French now than you could in arithmetical figures. The language had been licked, and kneaded, and tricked out, and plumed, and dandified, and scented, and minced, and ruled square, and chipped—(I am trying to give an idea of the strange flood of epithets he used)—and pranked out, and polished, and muscadined—until, for all honest purposes of true high poetry, it was mere unavailable and contemptible jargon. It might do for cheating *agents de change* on the Bourse—for squabbling politicians in the Chambers—for mincing dandies in the *salons*—for the sarcasm of Scribe-ish comedies, or the coarse drolleries of Palais Royal farces, but for poetry the French language was extinct. All modern poets who used it were *faiseurs de phrase*—thinking about words and not feelings. 'No, no,' my Troubadour continued, 'to write poetry, you must get the language of a rural people—a language talked among fields, and trees, and by rivers and mountains—a language never minced or disfigured by academies, and dictionary-makers, and journalists; you must have a language like that which your own Burns—whom I read of in Chateaubriand—used; or like the brave, old, mellow tongue—unchanged for centuries—stuffed with the strangest, quaintest, richest, raciest idioms and odd solemn words, full of shifting meanings and associa-

tions, at once pathetic and familiar, homely and graceful—the language which I write in and which has never yet been defiled by calculating men of science, or jack-a-dandy *littérateurs*.' The above sentences may be taken as a specimen of the ideas with which Jasmin seemed to be actually overflowing from every pore in his body—so rapid, vehement, and loud was his enunciation of them."

Jasmin is in the practice of devoting his talents in public, to the service of his humbler fellow-creatures. He has a wonderful power of recitation, and gives his entertainments before immense audiences in the towns around Auch. The *Chronicle* correspondent says:—

"The raptures of the New Yorkers or Bostonians with Jenny Lind are weak and cold compared with the ovations which Jasmin has received. At a late recitation at Auch, the ladies present actually tore the flowers and feathers out of their bonnets, wove them into extempore garlands, and flung them in showers upon the panting minstrel; while the editors of the local papers next morning assured him, in floods of flattering epigrams, that humble as he was now, future ages would acknowledge the 'divinity' of Jasmin!

"There is," he adds, "a feature about these recitations which is still more extraordinary than the uncontrollable fits of popular enthusiasm which they produce. The last entertainment of the kind, given by Jasmin, in one of the Pyrenean cities—I forget which—produced 2,000 francs. Every *sou* of this went to the public charities. Jasmin will not accept a stiver of money so earned. With a species of perhaps unrestrained, but certainly exalted chivalric feeling, he declines to appear before an audience to exhibit, for money, the gifts with which nature has endowed him. After perhaps a brilliant tour through the south of France, delighting vast audiences in every city, and flinging many thousands of francs into every poor-box which he passes, the poet contentedly returns to his humble occupation, and to the little shop where he earns his bread by his daily toil, as a barber and hair-dresser. It will be generally admitted, that the man capable of self-denial, of so truly heroic a nature as this, is no ordinary poetaster. One would be puzzled to find a similar instance of perfect and absolute disinterestedness in the roll of minstrels, from Homer downwards; and to tell the truth, there does seem a spice of Quixotism mingled with, and tinging the pure fervor of the enthusiast."



From Dickens' "Household Words."

OUR PHANTOM SHIP AMONG THE ICE.

YONDER is the coast of Norway; we shall soon be at Spitzbergen. The "Phantom" is fitted out for Arctic exploration, with instructions to find her way, by the northwest, to Behring Straits, and take the South Pole on her passage home. Just now, we steer due north, and yonder is the coast of Norway. From that coast parted

Hugh Willoughby, three hundred years ago; the first of our countrymen who wrought an ice-bound highway to Cathay. Two years afterwards his ships were found, in the haven of Arzina, in Lapland, by some Russian fishermen; near and about them Willoughby and his companions—seventy dead men. The ships were freighted with their frozen crews, and sailed for England; but, "being unstanch, as it is supposed, by their two years' wintering in Lapland, sunk, by the way, with their dead, and them also that brought them."

Ice floats about us now, and here is a whale blowing; a whale, too, very near Spitzbergen. When first Spitzbergen was discovered, in the good old times, there were whales here in abundance; then a hundred Dutch ships, in a crowd, might go to work, and boats might jostle with each other, and the only thing deficient would be stowage room for all the produce of the fishery. Now one ship may have the whole field to itself, and travel home with an imperfect cargo. It was fine fun in the good old times; there was no need to cruise. Coppers and boilers were fitted on the island, and little colonies about them, in the fishing season, had nothing to do but tow the whales in, with a boat, as fast as they were wanted by the copper. No wonder that so enviable a Tom Tidler's ground was claimed by all who had a love for gold and silver. The English called it theirs, for they first fished; the Dutch said, nay, but the Island was of their discovery; Danes, Hamburghers, Biscayans, Spaniards, and French put in their claims, and at length, it was agreed to make partitions. The numerous bays and harbors which indent the coast were divided among the rival nations; and, to this day, many of them bear, accordingly, such names as English Bay, Danes Bay, and so forth. One bay there is, with graves in it, named Sorrow. For it seemed to the fishers most desirable, if possible, to plant upon this island permanent establishments, and condemned convicts were offered, by the Russians, life and pardon, if they would winter in Spitzbergen. They agreed; but, when they saw the icy mountains and the stormy sea, repented, and went back, to meet a death exempt from torture. The Dutch tempted free men, by high rewards, to try the dangerous experiment. One of their victims left a journal, which describes his suffering and that of his companions. Their mouths, he says, became so sore that, if they had food, they could not eat; their limbs were swollen and disabled with excruciating pain; they died of scurvy. Those who died first were coffined by their dying friends; a row of coffins was found, in the spring, each with a man in it; two men uncoffined, side by side, were dead upon the floor. The journal told, how once the traces of a bear excited their hope of fresh meat and amended health; how, with a lantern, two or three had limped upon the track, until the light became extinguished, and they came back in despair to die. We might speak, also, of eight English sailors, left, by accident, upon Spitzbergen, who lived to return and tell their winter's tale; but a long journey is before us, and we must not linger on the way. As for our whalers it need scarcely be related that the multitude of whales diminished as the slaughtering went on, until it was no longer possible to keep the coppers full. The whales had to be searched for by the vessels, and thereafter it was not worth while to take the blubber to Spitzbergen to be boiled; and the different nations, having carried home their coppers, left the apparatus of those fishing stations to decay.

Take heed. There is a noise like thunder, and a mountain snaps in two. The upper half comes, crashing, grinding, down into the sea, and loosened streams of water follow it. The sea is displaced before the mighty heap; it boils and scatters up a cloud of spray; it rushes back, and violently beats upon the shore. The mountain rises from its bath, sways to and fro, while water pours along its mighty sides; now it is tolerably quiet, letting crackers off as air escapes out of its cavities. That is an iceberg, and in that way are all icebergs formed. Mountains of ice formed by rain and snow—grand Arctic glaciers, undermined by the sea or by accumulation overbalanced—topple down upon the slightest provocation, (moved by a shout, perhaps,) and where they float, as this black-looking fellow does, they need deep water. This berg in height is about ninety feet, and a due balance requires that a mass nine times as large as the part visible should be submerged. Icebergs are seen about us now

which rise two hundred feet above the water's level.

There are above head plenty of aquatic birds; ashore, or on the ice, are bears, foxes, reindeer; and in the sea there are innumerable animals. We shall not see so much life near the North Pole, that is certain. It would be worth while to go ashore upon an islet there, near Vogel Sang, to pay a visit to the eider-ducks. Their nests are so abundant that one cannot avoid treading on them. When the duck is driven by a hungry fox to leave her eggs, she covers them with down in order that they may not cool during her absence, and, moreover, glues the down into a case with a secretion supplied to her by Nature for that purpose. The deserted eggs are safe, for that secretion has an odor very disagreeable to the intruder's nose.

We still sail northward, among sheets of ice, whose boundaries are not beyond our vision from the mast-head—these are "floes;" between them we find easy way, it is fair "sailing ice." In the clear sky to the north a streak of lucid white light is the reflection from an icy surface; that is, "ice-blink," in the language of these seas. The glare from snow is yellow, while open water gives a dark reflection.

Northward still; but now we are in a fog the ice is troublesome; a gale is rising. Now, if our ship had timbers they would crack; and if she had a bell, it would be tolling: if we were shouting to each other we should not hear, the sea is in a fury. With wild force its breakers dash against a heaped-up wall of broken ice, that grinds and strains and battles fiercely with the water. This is "the pack," the edge of a great ice-field broken by the swell. It is a perilous and an exciting thing to push through pack ice in a gale.

Now there is ice as far as eye can see, that is "an ice-field." Masses are forced up like colossal tombstones on all sides; our sailors call them "hummocks;" here and there the broken ice displays large "holes of water." Shall we go on? Upon this field, in 1827, Parry adventured with his men, to reach the North Pole, if that should be possible. With sledges and portable boats they labored on, through snow; and over hummocks, launching their boats over the larger holes of water. With stout hearts, undaunted by toil or danger, they went boldly on, though by degrees it became clear to the leaders of the expedition, that they were almost like mice upon a tread-mill cage., making a great expenditure of leg for little gain. The ice was floating to the south with them, as they were walking to the north; still they went on. Sleeping by day to avoid the glare, and to get greater warmth during the time of rest, and travelling by night,—watchmakers' days and nights, for it was all one polar day,—the men soon were unable to distinguish noon from midnight. The great event of one day on this dreary waste, was the discovery of two flies upon an ice hummock; these, says Parry, became at once a topic of ridiculous importance. Presently, after twenty-three miles walking, they only had gone one mile forward, the ice having industriously floated twenty-two miles in the opposite direction; and then, after walking forward eleven miles, they found themselves to be three miles behind the place from which they started. The party accordingly returned, not having reached the Pole, not having reached the eighty-third parallel, for the attainment of which there was a reward of a thousand pounds held out by government. They reached the parallel of eighty-two degrees, forty-five minutes, which was, and still is the most northerly point trodden by the foot of man. From that point they returned. In those high latitudes they met with a phenomenon common in Alpine regions, as well as at the Pole, red snow—the red color being caused by the abundance of a minute plant, of low development, the last dweller on the borders of the vegetable kingdom. More interesting to the sailors was a fat she-bear, which they killed and devoured with a zeal to be repented of; for on reaching navigable sea, and pushing in their boats to Table Island, where some stores were left, they found that the bears had eaten all their bread, whereon the men agreed that "Bruin was now square with them." An islet next to Table Island—they are both mere rocks—is the most northern land discovered. Therefore Parry applied to it the name of lieutenant—now Sir James—Ross. This compliment Sir James Ross has acknowledged in the most emphatic manner, by discovering on his part, at the other pole, the most southern

land yet seen, and giving to it the name of Parry: "Parry Mountains."

It very probably would not be difficult under such circumstances as Sir W. Parry has since recommended, to reach the North Pole along this route. Then (especially if it be true, as many believe, that there is a region of open sea about the Pole itself) we might find it as easy to reach Behring Straits, by travelling in a straight line over the North Pole, as by threading the straits and bays north of America.

We turn our course until we have in sight a portion of the ice-barred eastern coast of Greenland, Shannon Island. Somewhere about this spot, in the seventy-fifth parallel, is the most northern part of that coast known to us. Colonel—then Captain—Sabine in the "Griper," was landed there to make magnetic, and other observations; for the same purpose he had previously visited Sierra Leone. That is where we differ from our forefathers. They commissioned hardy seamen to encounter peril for the search of gold ore, or for a near road to Cathay; but our peril is encountered for the gain of knowledge, for the highest kind of service that can now be rendered to the human race.

Before we leave the northern sea, we must not omit to mention the voyage by Spitzbergen northward, in 1818, of Captain Buchan in the "Dorothea," accompanied by Lieutenant Franklin, in the "Trent." It was Sir John Franklin's first voyage to the Arctic regions. This trip forms the subject of a delightful book by Captain Beechey.

On our way to the south point of Greenland we pass near Cape North, a point of Iceland. Iceland we know, is the centre of a volcanic region, whereof Norway and Greenland are at opposite points of the circumference. In connection with this district there is a remarkable fact: that by the agency of subterranean forces, a large portion of Norway and Sweden is being slowly upheaved. While Greenland, on the west coast, as gradually sinks into the sea, Norway rises at the rate of about four feet in a century. In Greenland, the sinking is so well known that the natives never build close to the water's edge, and the Moravian missionaries more than once have had to move farther inland the poles on which their boats are rested.

Our Phantom Ship stands fairly now along the western coast of Greenland into Davis' Straits. We observe that upon this western coast there is, by a great deal, less ice than on the eastern. That is a rule generally. Not only the configuration of the straits and bays, but also the earth's rotation from west to east, causes the currents here to set towards the west, and wash the western coasts, while they act very little on the eastern. We steer across Davis' Strait, among "an infinite number of great countreys and islands of yce;" there, near the entrance, we find Hudson's Strait, which does not now concern us. Islands probably separate this well-known channel from Frobisher Strait to the north of it, yet unexplored. Here let us recall to mind the fleet of fifteen sail, under Sir Martin Frobisher, in 1578, tossing about and parting company among the ice. Let us remember how the crew of the "Anne Frances," in that expedition, built a pinnace when their vessel struck upon a rock, although they wanted main timber and nails. How they made a mimic forge, and, "for the easier making of nails, were forced to break their tongs, gridiron, and fire-shovel, in pieces." How Master Captain Best, in this frail bark, with its imperfect timbers held together by the metamorphosed gridiron and fire-shovel, continued in his duty, and did "depart up the straights as before was pretended." How a terrific storm arose, and the fleet parted, and the intrepid captain was towed "in his small pinnesse, at the stern of the 'Michael,' thorow the raging seas; for the bark was not able to receive, or relieve half his company." The "tongs, gridyron, and fire-shovell," performed their work only for as many minutes as were absolutely necessary, for "the pinnesse came no sooner aboord the ship, and the men entered, but she presently shivered and fell in pieces, and sunke at the ship's stern with all the poor men's furniture."

Now, too, as we sail up the strait, explored a few years after these events by Master John Davis, how proudly we remember him as a right worthy forerunner of those countrymen of his and ours who since have sailed over his track. Nor ought we to pass on without calling to mind the melancholy fate, in 1606, of Master John Knight, driven in the "Hopewell," among huge masses of ice with a tremendous surf, his rudder knocked away, his ship half full of water,

at the entrance of these straits. Hoping to find a harbor, he set forth to explore a large island, and landed, leaving two men to watch the boat, while he, with three men and the mate, set forth and disappeared over a hill. For thirteen hours the watchers kept their post; one had his trumpet with him, for he was a trumpeter, the other had a gun. They trumpeted often and loudly, they fired, but no answer came. They watched ashore all night for the return of their captain and his party, "but they came not at all."

The season is advanced. As we sail on, the sea steams like a lime-kiln, "frost-smoke" covers it. The water, cooled less rapidly, is warmer now than the surrounding air, and yields this vapor in consequence. By the time our vessel has reached Baffin's Bay, still coasting along Greenland, in addition to old floes and bergs, the water is beset with "pancake ice." That is the young ice when it first begins to cake upon the surface. Innocent enough it seems, but it is sadly clogging to the ships. It sticks about their sides like treacle on a fly's wing; collecting unequally, it destroys all equilibrium, and impedes the efforts of the steersman. Rocks split on the Greenland coast, with loud explosions, and more icebergs fall. Icebergs we soon shall take our leave of; they are only found where there is a coast on which glaciers can form; they are good for nothing but to yield fresh water to the vessels; it will soon be all field, pack, and salt-water ice.

Now we are in Baffin's Bay, explored in the voyages of Bylot and Baffin, 1615–16. When, in 1817, a great movement in the Greenland ice caused many to believe that the northern passages would be found comparatively clear; and when, in consequence of this impression, Sir John Barrow succeeded in setting afoot that course of modern Arctic exploration, which has been continued to the present day, Sir John Ross was the first man sent to find the northwest passage. Buchan and Parry were commissioned at the same time to attempt the North Sea route. Sir John Ross did little more on that occasion than effect a survey of Baffin's Bay, and prove the accuracy of the ancient pilot. In the extreme north of the bay there is an inlet or a channel, called by Baffin, Smith's Sound; this Sir John saw, but did not enter. It never yet has been explored. It may be an inlet only; but it is also very possible that by this channel ships might get into the polar sea and sail by the north shore of Greenland to Spitzbergen. Turning that corner and descending along the western coast of Baffin's Bay, there is another inlet called Jones's Sound by Baffin, also unexplored. These two inlets, with their very British titles, Smith and Jones, are of exceeding interest. Jones's Sound may lead by a back way to Melville Island. South of Jones's Sound there is a wide break in the shore, a great sound, named by Baffin, Lancaster's, which Sir John Ross, in that first expedition, failed also to explore. Like our transatlantic friends at the South Pole, he laid down a range of clouds as mountains, and considered the way impervious; so he came home. Parry went out next year, as a lieutenant, in command of his first and most successful expedition. He sailed up Lancaster Sound, which was in that year (1819) unusually clear of ice; and he is the discoverer whose track we now follow in our Phantom Ship. The whole ground being new, he had to name the points of country right and left of him. The way was broad and open, due west, a most prosperous beginning for a northwest passage. If this continued, he would soon reach Behring Strait. A broad channel to the right, directed, that is to say, southward, he entered on the Prince of Wales's birthday, and so called it the "Prince Regent's Inlet."

After exploring this for some miles, he turned back to resume his western course, for still there was a broad strait leading westward. This second part of Lancaster Sound he called after the Secretary of the Admiralty who had so indefatigably labored to promote the expeditions, Barrow's Strait. Then he came to a channel, turning to the right or northward, and he named that Wellington Channel. Then he had on his right hand ice, islands large and small, and intervening channels; on the left, ice, and a cape visible, Cape Walker. At an island, named after the First Lord of the Admiralty, Melville Island, the great frozen wilderness barred farther progress. There he wintered. On the coast of Melville Island they had passed the latitude of one hundred and ten degrees, and the men had become entitled to a royal bounty of five thousand pounds. This group of islands Parry called

North Georgian, but they are usually called by his own name, Parry Islands. This was the first European winter party in the Arctic circle. Its details are familiar enough. How the men cut in three days through ice seven inches thick, a canal two miles and a half long, and so brought the ships into safe harbor. How the genius of Parry equalled the occasion; how there was established a theatre and a "North Georgian Gazette," to cheer the tediousness of a night which continued for two thousand hours. The dreary dazzling waste in which there was that little patch of life, the stars, the fog, the moonlight, the glittering wonder of the northern lights, in which, as Greenlanders believe, souls of the wicked dance tormented, are familiar to us. The she-bear stays at home; but the he-bear hungers, and looks in vain for a stray seal or walrus—woe to the unarmed man who meets him in his hungry mood! Wolves are abroad, and pretty, white arctic foxes. The reindeer have sought other pasture-ground. The thermometer runs down to more than sixty degrees below freezing, a temperature tolerable in calm weather, but distressing in a wind. The eye-piece of the telescope must be protected now with leather, for the skin is destroyed that comes in contact with cold metal. The voice at a mile's distance can be heard distinctly. Happy the day when first the sun is seen to graze the edge of the horizon; but summer must come, and the heat of a constant day must accumulate, and summer wane, before the ice is melted. Then the ice cracks like cannons over-charged, and moves with a loud grinding noise. But not yet is escape to be made with safety. After a detention of ten months, Parry got free; but, in escaping, narrowly missed the destruction of both ships, by their being "nipped" between the mighty mass and the unyielding shore. What animals are found on Melville Island, we may judge from the results of sport during ten months' detention. The island exceeds five thousand miles square, and yielded to the gun, three musk oxen, twenty-four deer, sixty-eight hares, fifty-three geese, fifty-nine ducks, and one hundred and forty-four ptarmigans, weighing together three thousand seven hundred and sixty-six pounds—not quite two ounces of meat per day to every man. Lichens, stunted grass, saxifrage, and a feeble willow, are the plants of Melville Island, but in sheltered nooks there are found sorrel, poppy, and a yellow butter-cup. Halos and double suns are very common consequences of refraction in this quarter of the world. Parry returned from his first and most famous voyage with his men all safe and sound, except the loss of a few fingers, frost-bitten. We sail back only as far as Regent's Inlet, being bound for Behring Strait. The reputation of Sir John Ross being clouded by the discontent expressed against his first expedition, Mr. Felix Booth, a rich distiller, provided seventeen thousand pounds to enable his friend to redeem his credit. Sir John accordingly, in 1829, went out in the "Victory," provided with steam-machinery that did not answer well. He was accompanied by Sir James Ross, his nephew. He it was who, on this occasion, first surveyed Regent's Inlet, down which we are now sailing with our Phantom Ship. The coast on our right hand, westward, which Parry saw, is called North Somerset, but farther south, where the inlet widens, the land is named Boothia Felix. Five years before this, Parry, in his third voyage, had attempted to pass down Regent's Inlet, where among ice and storm, one of his ships, the "Hecla," had been driven violently ashore, and of necessity, abandoned. The stores had been removed, and Sir John was able now to replenish his own vessel from them. Rounding a point at the bottom of Prince Regent's Inlet, we find Felix Harbor, where Sir John Ross wintered. His nephew made from this point scientific explorations; discovered a strait, called after him the Strait of James Ross, and on the northern shore of this strait, on the mainland of Boothia, planted the British flag on the Northern Magnetic Pole. The ice broke up, so did the "Victory;" after a hairbreadth escape, the party found a searching vessel, and arrived home after an absence of four years and five months, Sir John Ross having lost his ship, and won his reputation. The friend in need was made a baronet for his munificence; Sir John was reimbursed for all his losses, and the crew liberally taken care of. Sir James Ross had a rod and flag signifying "Magnetic Pole," given to him for a new crest, by the Heralds' College, for which he was no doubt greatly the better.

We have sailed northward to get into Hudson Strait, the high road into Hudson Bay. Along the shore are Esquimaux in boats, extremely active, but these filthy creatures we pass by; the Esquimaux in Hudson Strait are like the negroes of the coast, demoralized by intercourse with European traders. These are not true pictures of the loving children of the north. Our "Phantom" floats on the wide waters of Hudson Bay—the grave of its discoverer. Familiar as the story is of Henry Hudson's fate, for John King's sake how gladly we repeat it. While sailing on the waters he discovered, in 1611, his men mutinied; the mutiny was aided by Henry Green, a prodigal, whom Hudson had generously shielded from ruin. Hudson, the master, and his son, with six sick or disabled members of the crew, were driven from their cabins, forced into a little shallop. and committed helpless to the water and the ice. But there was one stout man, John King, the carpenter, who stepped into the boat, abjuring his companions, and chose rather to die than even passively be partaker in so foul a crime. John King, we who live after, will remember you.

Here on an island, Charlton Island, near our entrance to the bay, in 1631, wintered poor Captain James with his wrecked crew. This is a point outside the Arctic circle, but quite cold enough. Of nights, with a good fire in the house they built, hoar frost covered their beds, and the cook's water in a metal pan before the fire, was warm on one side and froze on the other. Here "it snowed and froze extremely, at which time we, looking from the shore towards the ship, she appeared a piece of ice in the fashion of a ship, or a ship resembling a piece of ice." Here the gunner, who had lost his leg, besought that, "for the little time he had to live, he might drink sack altogether." He died and was buried in the ice far from the vessel, but when afterwards two more were dead of scurvy, and the others, in a miserable state, were working with faint hope about their shattered vessel, the gunner was found to have returned home to the old vessel; his leg had penetrated through a port-hole. They "digged him clear out, and he was as free from noisomness," the record says, "as when we first committed him to the sea. This alteration had the ice, and water, and time, only wrought on him, that his flesh would slip up and down upon his bones, like a glove on a man's hand. In the evening we buried him by the others." These worthy souls, laid up with the agonies of scurvy, knew that in action was their only hope; they forced their limbs to labor, among ice and water, every day. They set about the building of a boat, but the hard frozen wood had broken all their axes, so they made shift with the pieces. To fell a tree, it was first requisite to light a fire around it, and the carpenter could only labor with his wood over a fire, or else it was like stone under his tools. Before the boat was made they buried the carpenter. The captain exhorted them to put their trust in God; "His will be done. If it be our fortune to end our days here, we are as near Heaven as in England. They all protested to work to the utmost of their strength, and that they would refuse nothing that I should order them to do to the utmost hazard of their lives. I thanked them all." Truly the North Pole has its triumphs. If we took no account of the fields of trade opened by our Arctic explorers, if we thought nothing of the wants of science in comparison with the lives lost in supplying them, is not the loss of life a gain, which proves and tests the fortitude of noble hearts, and teaches us respect for human nature? All the lives that have been lost among these Polar regions, are less in number than the dead upon a battle-field. The battle-field inflicted shame upon our race—is it with shame that our hearts throb in following these Arctic heroes? March 31st, says Captain James, "was very cold, with snow and hail, which pinched our sick men more than any time this year. This evening, being May eve, we returned late from our work to our house, and made a good fire, and chose ladies, and ceremoniously wore their names in our caps, endeavoring to revive ourselves by any means. On the 15th, I manured a little patch of ground that was bare of snow, and sowed it with pease, hoping to have some shortly to eat, for as yet we could see no green thing to comfort us." Those pease saved the party; as they came up the young shoots were boiled and eaten, so their health began to mend, and they recovered from their scurvy. Eventually, after other perils, they succeeded in making their escape.

A strait, called Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome, leads due north out of Hudson Bay, being parted by Southampton Island from the strait through which we entered. Its name is quaint, for so was its discoverer, Luke Fox, a worthy man, addicted much to euphuism. Fox sailed from London in the same year in which James sailed from Bristol. They were rivals. Meeting in Davis' Straits, Fox dined on board his friendly rival's vessel, which was very unfit for the service upon which it went. The sea washed over them and came into the cabin, so says Fox, "sauce would not have been wanted if there had been roast mutton." Luke Fox being ice-bound and in peril, writes, "God thinks upon our imprisonment with a *supersedeas*;" but he was a good and honorable man as well as euphuist. His "Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome," leads into Fox Channel; our "Phantom Ship" is pushing through the welcome passes on the left-hand Repulse Bay. This portion of the Arctic regions, with Fox Channel, is extremely perilous. Here Captain Lyon, in the "Griper," was thrown anchorless upon the mercy of a stormy sea, ice crashing around him. One island in Fox Channel is called Mill Island, from the incessant grinding of great masses of ice collected there. In the northern part of Fox Channel, on the western shore, is Melville Peninsula, where Parry wintered on his second voyage. Here let us go ashore and see a little colony of Esquimaux.

Their huts are built of blocks of snow, and arched, having an ice pane for a window. They construct their arched entrance and their hemispherical roof, on the true principles of architecture. Those wise men, the Egyptians made their arch by hewing the stones out of shape, the Esquimaux have the true secret. Here they are, with little food in winter and great appetites; devouring a whole walrus when they get it, and taking the chance of hunger for the next eight days—hungry or full, for ever happy in their lot—here are the Esquimaux. They are warmly clothed, each in a double suit of skins sewn neatly together. Some are singing, with good voices, too. Please them, and they straightway dance; activity is good in a cold climate. Play to them on the flute, or if you can sing well, sing, or turn a barrel-organ, they are mute, eager with wonder and delight; their love of music is intense. Give them a pencil, and, like children, they will draw. Teach them and they will learn, oblige them and they will be grateful. "Gentle and loving savages," one of our old worthies called them, and the Portuguese were so much impressed with their teachable and gentle conduct, that a Venetian ambassador writes, "His serene majesty contemplates deriving great advantage from the country, not only on account of the timber of which he has occasion, but of the inhabitants, who are admirably calculated for labor, and are the best I have ever seen." The Esquimaux, of course, will learn vice, and in the region visited by whale ships, vice enough has certainly been taught him. Here are the dogs, who will eat old coats, or any thing; and near the dwellings, here is a snow-bunting, —robin redbreast of the Arctic lands. A party of our sailors once, on landing, took some sticks from a large heap, and uncovered the nest of a snow-bunting with young, the bird flew to a little distance, but seeing that the men sat down and harmed her not, continued to seek food and supply her little ones, with full faith in the good intentions of the party. Captain Lyon found a child's grave partly uncovered, and a snow-bunting had built its nest upon the infant's bosom.

Sailing round Melville Peninsula, we come into the Gulf of Akkolee, through Fury and Hecla Straits, discovered by Parry. So we get back to the bottom of Regent's Inlet, which we quitted a short time ago, and sailing in the neighborhood of the magnetic pole, we reach the estuary of Back's River, on the northeast coast of America. We pass then through a strait, discovered in 1839, by Dean and Simpson, still coasting along the northern shore of America, on the Great Stinking Lake, as Indians call this ocean. Boats, ice permitting, and our "Phantom Ship" of course, can coast all the way to Behring Strait. The whole coast has been explored by Sir John Franklin, Sir John Richardson, and Sir George Back, who have earned their knighthoods through great peril, As we pass Coronation Gulf—the scene of Franklin, Richardson, and Back's first exploration from the Coppermine River—we revert to the romantic story of their journey back, over a land of snow and frost, subsisting upon lichens, with companions starved to death, where they plucked wild leaves

for tea, and ate their shoes for supper; the tragedy by the river; the murder of poor Hood, with a book of prayers in his hand; Franklin at Fort Enterprise, with two companions at the point of death, himself gaunt, hollow-eyed, feeding on pounded bones, raked from the dunghill; the arrival of Dr. Richardson and the brave sailor; their awful story of the cannibal Michel;—we revert to these things with a shudder. But we must continue on our route. The current still flows westward, bearing now large quantities of drift-wood, out of the Mackenzie River. At the name of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, also, we might pause, and talk over the bold achievements of another Arctic hero; but we pass on, by a rugged and inhospitable coast, unfit for vessels of large draught,—pass the broad mouth of the Youcon, pass Point Barrow, Icy Cape, and are in Behring Strait. Had we passed on, we should have found the Russian Arctic coast line, traced out by a series of Russian explorers; of whom the most illustrious—Baron Von Wrangell—states, that beyond a certain distance to the northward, there is always found what he calls the *Polynja*, (open water.) This is the fact adduced by those who adhere to the old fancy that there is a sea about the pole quite free from ice.

We pass through Behring Strait. Behring, a Dane by birth, but in the Russian service, died here in 1741, upon the scene of his discovery. He and his crew, victims of scurvy, were unable to manage their vessel in a storm; and it was at length wrecked on a barren island, there, where "want, nakedness, cold, sickness, impatience, and despair, were their daily guests." Behring, his lieutenant, and the master died.

Now we must put a girdle round the world, and do it with the speed of Ariel. Here we are already in the heats of the equator. We can do no more than remark, that if air and water are heated at the equator, and frozen at the poles, there will be equilibrium destroyed, and constant currents caused. And so it happens, so we get the prevailing winds, and all the currents of the ocean. Of these, some of the uses, but by no means all, are obvious. We urge our "Phantom" fleetly to the southern pole. Here, over the other hemisphere of the earth, there shines an other hemisphere of heaven. The stars are changed; the southern cross, the Magellanic clouds, the "coal-sack" in the milky way, attract our notice. Now we are in the southern latitude that corresponds to England in the north; nay, at a greater distance from the pole, we find Kerguelen's Land, emphatically called the "The Isle of Desolation." Icebergs float much farther into the warm sea on this side of the equator, before they dissolve. The South Pole is evidently a more thorough refrigerator than the North. Why is this? We shall soon see. We push through pack-ice, and through floes and fields, by lofty bergs, by an island or two covered with penguins, until there lies before us a long range of mountains, nine or ten thousand feet in height, and all clad in eternal snow. That is a portion of the Southern Continent. Lieutenant Wilkes, in the American Exploring Expedition, first discovered this, and mapped out some part of the coast, putting a few clouds in likewise,—a mistake easily made by those who omit to verify every foot of land. Sir James Ross, in his most successful South Pole Expedition, during the years 1839–43, sailed over some of this land, and confirmed the rest. The Antartic, as well as the Arctic honors he secured for England, by turning a corner of the land, and sailing far southward, along an impenetrable icy barrier, to the latitude of seventy-eight degrees, nine minutes. It is an elevated continent, with many lofty ranges. In the extreme southern point reached by the ships, a magnificent volcano was seen spouting fire and smoke out of the everlasting snow. This volcano, twelve thousand four hundred feet high, was named Mount Erebus; for the "Erebus" and "Terror" now sought anxiously among the bays and sounds, and creeks of the North Pole, then coasted by the solid ice walls of the south. Only as "Phantoms" can we cross this land and live. These lofty mountain ranges, cold to the marrow, these vast glaciers and elevated plains of ice, no wonder that they cast a chill about their neighborhood. Our very ghosts are cold, and the volcanoes only make the frost colder by contrast. We descend upon the other side, take ship again, and float up the Atlantic, through the tropics. We have been round the world now, and among the ice, and have not grown much older since we started.

A FORTUNATE KISS.

The following little story by Miss Bremer is furnished to *Sartain's Magazine*. For its truth and reality she says she will be responsible:—

In the University of Upsala, in Sweden, lived a young student—a lonely youth, with a great love for studies, but without means for pursuing them. He was poor, and without connections. Still he studied, living in great poverty, but keeping a cheerful heart, and trying not to look at the future, which looked so grimly at him. His good humor and good qualities made him beloved by his young comrades. Once he was standing with some of them in the great squares of Upsala, prating away an hour of leisure, when the attention of the young men became arrested by a very young and elegant lady, who, at the side of an elderly one, walked slowly over the place. It was the daughter of the Governor of Upland, living in the city, and the lady with her was her governess. She was generally known for her beauty and for her goodness and gentleness of character, and was looked upon with great admiration by the students. As the young men now stood silently gazing at her, as she passed on like a graceful vision, one of them exclaimed:

"Well, it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth!"

The poor young student, the hero of our story, who was looking intently on that pure and angelic face, exclaimed, as if by inspiration, "Well, I think I could have it."

"What!" cried his friends in a chorus, "are you crazy? Do you know her?" etc.

"Not at all," he answered; "but I think she would kiss me, just now, if I asked her."

"What, in this place, before all our eyes?"

"In this place, before your eyes."

"Freely?"

"Freely."

"Well, if she will give you a kiss in that manner, I will give you a thousand dollars!" exclaimed one of the party.

"And I!" "And I!" cried three or four others, for it so happened that several rich young men were in the group, and bets ran high on so improbable an event, and the challenge was made and received in less time than we take to relate it.

Our hero—(my authority tells not whether he was handsome or plain; I have my peculiar reasons for believing that he was rather plain, but singularly good-looking at the same time)—our hero immediately walked off to meet the young lady. He bowed to her, and said, "My lady, (*min fröleen,*) my fortune is in your hand." She looked at him in astonishment, but arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, his aspiration, and related simply and truly what had just passed between him and his companions. The young lady listened attentively, and when he ceased to speak, she said, blushing, but with great sweetness: "If by so little a thing so much good can be effected, it would be foolish in me to refuse your request"—and she kissed the young man publicly in the open square.

Next day the young student was sent for by the Governor. He wanted to see the man who had dared to ask a kiss of his daughter in that way, and whom she had consented to kiss so. He received him with a severe and scrutinizing brow, but after an hour's conversation, was so pleased with him that he offered him to dine at his table during his studies in Upsala.

Our young friend now pursued his studies in a manner which soon made him regarded as the most promising scholar at the University. Three years were not passed after the day of the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second one to the daughter of the Governor, as to his intended bride.

He became, later, one of the greatest scholars in Sweden, as much respected for his learning as for his character. His works will endure for ever among the works of science; and from his happy union sprung a family well known in Sweden in the present day, and whose wealth of fortune and high position in society are regarded as small things, compared with its wealth of goodness and love.

Pride is never so effectually put to the blush, as when it finds itself contrasted with an easy but dignified humility.

Truth should never strike her topsails in compliment to ignorance or sophistry.

Some run headlong into danger because they have not the courage to wait for it.

From "Tait's Magazine."

RECOLLECTIONS OF TEXAS.

BY A RETURNED EMIGRANT.

SAN ANTONIO.

To the north of San Antonio de Bexar, in Texas, rise the springs of the river San Antonio, at a short distance from the town. The basin of limestone rock which they fill is partly the result of an artificial dyke, by which the depth of the water is increased. It is the centre of one of the prettiests districts in the country. The oak, the pecan-tree, the wild mulberry, and the misgrait-tree, afford a rich and a bright green foliage, which, in the heat of summer, makes the place attractive under circumstances which, in this country, might be supposed to preserve its seclusion, and to render any visit to it rather one of daring and dangerous hazard than of pleasure.

Pushing themselves to the very banks, and growing even on those parts of land which project into the basin, the trees shadow a blue and transparent sheet of water—so clear that, even in the deepest parts, the bottom is to be seen. There is hardly any perceptible stream, except where the water discharges itself at the head of those banks where the actual form of the river commences. It comes so gently and silently from the ground, that the magnitude of this natural fountain is not to be measured or observed, either by its force or motion, at the mouth of that great cavern of the earth from which it perpetually comes.

There is a wondrous enjoyment to be obtained through such pure and crystal water. When floating in it, and you find yourself hanging, as it were, between the sky and the ground visible beneath you, and inhaling the cool atmosphere of the surface, the delight it gives is exhilarating. But Western Texas is a land of fountains. Again and again large springs are to be met with—sometimes filling a rent of the earth with water, at the bottom of which are to be seen large cat-fish lying like ships in ordinary, almost motionless, with their heads in one direction towards the fissures from which the water flows; at other times the source forms a large head, similar to that of the Wye in this country, gushing, as it were, perpendicularly from below; and at other times pouring out at once as a direct stream, without any basin to catch its first gifts. That such sources of water should be occasionally met with would not be remarkable in any country, but in Texas they are frequent; and day after day the wearied traveller may rest himself near some spring, and, with no exaggeration, from the refreshment they afford, liken every draught he takes to all the beverages which in civilized districts have obtained celebrity.

At these springs of San Antonio it was not unusual for parties of half-a-dozen men to take up their quarters for as many days in the summer, in order to avoid the confinement and heat of the town. Their horses were staked out in the midst of abundant forage, and there was no difficulty in obtaining a supply of venison for themselves. Yet it was what was called "Indian country," and they were liable to attack.

From this point, along its whole course, the river has a rapid descent, and flows throughout the year in a full and powerful stream. As it reaches the town of San Antonio it takes a sharp turn, and then forms a curve like that of half a circle, but irregular. In the loop of land thus bounded by the water the chief part of the town is placed, while the two squares and the church are to the west of a line which would form the chord of the river curve.

A few years since the population was almost entirely Mexican, the Americans numbering but few; yet, few as they were, the government of the place was entirely in their hands, and was most admirably managed. Taxes were levied, which always follow the first public acts of Americans; for they know that freedom from taxation is not a blessing, as it implies the absence of schools, the non-existence of legal institutions, and a state of things approaching to barbarism. They do not, as some of our statesmen do, when speaking of some of our colonies, commend institutions which are imperfect, and praise the neglect of means by which they could be made efficient. Where there is taxation, and where the proceeds of it are well applied, there exist confidence, security, and a population trained to comprehend the purposes of government, and educated to promote them by zealous and earnest efforts. So it was at San Antonio.

Placed on the very frontier, lying at the very limits of civilization, the people were united, and were ready at all times to give support to their alcalde, their sheriff, and their other municipal officers. They did not cry down and depreciate their usefulness, but added to the strength and power of the law the support of an unflinching confidence. There were parties there, as there are everywhere in places where elective institutions exist; but these parties had learned that which European nations are so ignorant of—obedience to a majority; and the majority had learned to give confidence to a minority, by enabling it to feel secure that no measure would be adopted that should deprive it of any means of giving expression to opinions. Under such a system there was nothing to invite violent resistance, for any measure likely to have caused it would have united the majority of both parties to prevent it before the excitement to resistance could have arisen.

The effect of the conduct of the Americans, and the manner in which they executed the law among themselves, had a most distinct and remarkable effect on the Mexican population. This last class might accurately be described in terms expressive of the strongest contempt: ignorant, cunning, treacherous, thieving, bigoted, superstitious; and though many of them were at times brave enough, yet even these, when any superstition was in their way, were infamously cowardly. Notwithstanding all their vices, they were kept in order, and felt the security they enjoyed. There was no overbearing official, as under the Mexican government to keep them submissive, no public officer to be bribed, either for profit or ruin, and no thievery winked at. In another respect they also enjoyed a security they were unaccustomed to. It had been a common event for Indians to come into the town, and to demand whatever they particularly longed for. What they demanded was rendered up with alarm, lest the refusal should occasion an attack on the town. The haughtiness and the insolence of some chiefs were unbounded. They had been known to require a Mexican to hold their horses while they themselves in person levied contributions from the alcalde. Nor did this submissiveness always procure exemption from acts of violence. Children were often carried off, and Mexican women reduced to slavery. Sometimes in such attempts they were resisted; and it was said that there was not a street in San Antonio in which some Mexican had not been murdered by them; while at the Missions, in the neighborhood, affairs were still worse, for there every family had lost either a father, a brother, or a son in such contests.

All these changes were effected with remarkable ease. Offices similar to those in this country, the duties of which are actually unknown to many of those who form even the educated classes, and are entirely unknown to the majority of the people, were easily filled up—sought after by many candidates—and the persons chosen to fill them most efficiently performed their work. There was no interference attempted or desired on the part of the supreme government. It would amaze an English colonist to see that the long dispatches of English governors, which are sent to the Colonial-office on every trifling subject, and which so materially delay the advancement and prosperity of every colony, would not have been esteemed to require even the notice of the General Government of the State. The municipality passed its ordinances for taxation, levied a property-tax, and carried into effect measures of a far more extensive nature than the duties of municipalities with us are supposed to embrace. There was no officer of the State Government to be seen in the place, unless a mounted volunteer company, paid by the General Government for particular and not permanent service, was to be so regarded.

But this volunteer company deserves especial notice. It was under the command of one of the most gallant, honorable, and single-minded men that ever lived—Colonel John Hayes. It was not distinguished by a single particle of uniform. The moment an alarm of Indians was given the men were in their saddles and hastened out. If there were information brought in of any company of Mexican traders on their road from the Rio Grande being in danger, or similar information given when they were about to return after having made their purchases and packed their mules, immediate assistance was rendered. The commissariat on these occasions was of the simplest kind. It rarely consisted of more than a little ground

maize, salt, coffee, and sugar. With such a supply, and a scanty one of the kind too, they would go out into the prairie, armed with a rifle and pistols, and remain for ten or twelve days, depending for meat on the deer they might kill. There was no bill on Government for their subsistence. Among other duties they undertook was that of surveying, which in a new country is one of much importance, but in an Indian country of danger. They were then paid by private parties. Now, imagine the excitement it would cause in an English colony, that a militia force should leave a town liable to attack in order to engage in a survey. It would spread consternation among all military authorities. The commander of the forces would rebuke the officer of militia, and report to the governor; the governor would concur in the censure, and report to the Colonial-office; a clerk of the Colonial-office would turn up the corner of the dispatch, and express his astonishment; the Secretary of State would concur with the clerk, and a dispatch would be written containing the accumulated opinions of all these functionaries, provincial and imperial. It would so violate all notions of military duty as to be authoritatively denounced. Suppose, for instance, that that party of Canadian volunteers which, after the rebellion of 1837, was for so many years employed on the American frontier at the cost of this Government, had rendered any service of this kind towards the settlement of the country, how shocked the whole community in the colony and at home would have been! They might have appeared at parade, have been confidently certain they had no military duty to perform for twelve months coming, have been seen at regular hours at the bar of the country gin-shop, their clothes duly inspected at proper intervals, and all would have been reported right, and their intimate knowledge of the frontier made an item of pathetic lamentation on their discharge. The greater knowledge they might have acquired in aiding surveys or in doing something useful would have been represented as an encroachment on military duties which could not be tolerated. And what would have been thought if they could have made no demand on the commissariat?

Under the protection, however, of Colonel Hayes every man felt secure. They knew that if he were absent his influence was still present, and that if danger threatened, it could not and would not come before he were there to face it.

To the trade of the town this assistance was of great value, as it enabled the Mexicans to come from the Rio Grande and to carry on in security an extensive business. They paid in specie, and the profit derived through them was very considerable.

The Mexican population of San Antonio had few occupations. They, as well as others, could hardly venture out of town unless they were armed. They were, however, more particularly fearful of Indians, and they never failed to express their anxiety when fairly on the prairie. Their amusements were riding and cock-fighting, and in this last the parish priest always took his share, not unfrequently having the church bell rung on a Sunday afternoon to give notice of an assembly at the cockpit; and it would have been impossible to have persuaded him that any person could have felt any sense of impropriety in the proceeding. The "Song of the Bell" has recited the several events with which its sound is ordinarily connected; but cock-fighting is not among them. It was sounded also when a tragic event happened, namely, an incursion of Indians. When on one occasion an alarm of this was given, the Indians came galloping like demons past some houses, killed one man who came to the door of his house ignorant of the cause of the clattering of horse-hoofs, and then passed out of the town. But at the same time the shrill shriek of women was heard, and they were to be seen dragging their children in haste toward the church, and throwing themselves, with imploring cries, before the altar. The bell was rapidly tolled, and every man was conscious of its meaning and came armed into the streets.

Wherever Americans settle, the first thing they favor is a school. Though there were no other than Mexican children to be taught, they had encouraged the formation of a school, which was well attended. The Roman Catholic priest had no power to interfere with it. The master, however, was a Roman Catholic, who was familiarly known as "Buffalo," and, as a single fiddler, might be sometimes seen heading a religious procession. That those who speak the clear

and copious language of Castile should be capable of being orators might be presumed; and how naturally eloquence would prevail among the Spanish race, if their institutions permitted freedom of opinion, received some illustration from a boy in this school, who was directed to rise and compliment the visitors, an act of civility which he executed with much grace and self-possession, and with an almost manly dignity of manner.

There is no scenery about the town of San Antonio to be spoken of, and yet it is among the few places where, on account of the climate, a residence is singularly agreeable. There are no flies, no mosquitoes, and, except when a "norther" blows during its three days, it is always agreeable—supposing a few hot weeks in summer are not regarded as any drawback. It is certainly not to be compared to the town of Jalapa, on the road to Mexico from Vera Cruz, where the scenery is grand and magnificent, and the tropical vegetation of great beauty; but next to it, as a place of residence, it may advance its claim. It is dry and healthy, and there is a charm in the clearness and freshness of the atmosphere which it is impossible to describe.

There are two periods of rain, one in the early part of the year, and the other early in June; that of June is a season of storms, and the ground is deluged with water. These storms come on with great rapidity from the north. A long black line may be seen in the horizon, and after some hours the wind begins to blow fresh; it is then time to prepare for what is coming. At no long interval the clouds spread over the whole sky, and the storm breaks forth. At night the sky is suddenly darkened, and every thing becomes invisible; presently the rain falls in a heavy mass, and lightning, followed by thunder, comes on. As the storm increases, the lightning is so incessant as to keep the forest in a state of continued and brilliant illumination; it seems to be on all sides, striking among the trees in almost straight and also in zig-zag forms, so intensely bright as to have a metallic lustre, and as though some palpable and molten substance was passing through the air. Nor do the explosions following this atmospheric conflagration appear to come in distinct order. The reverberation of the sound of one is confused with that of another, and in such quick and rapid succession as to fill the whole heaven with one continued and mighty din. Sometimes, so soon as the rain ceases, hail falls, of such force and size that it is necessary to raise the blanket covering the head to ward off the sharpness of the blow given by the icy pellets. When the hailstorm passes all is quiet, the stars appear, and, lying in a pond of water, you will sleep soundly until the gray light of morning comes.

It is strange, but these aquatic beds, not made for invalids, and not apparently salubrious, do not cause rheumatic pains, disease, or physical debility.

Not far from the San Antonio springs the timber-district ceases, and an irregular rolling prairie, with misgrait trees here and there, is seen; and here is the home of the Indian, where he wanders, hunts, and dwells. His hand is against every white man, and the white man watches for every sign that may denote his recent presence. It is a terrible feud that prevails between them; for both are always prepared for mortal war, and neither expect peace or mercy. Pass on a few miles beyond the edge of the prairie, and from those distant trees, no higher than hedge-rows as they appear on the rising-ground, the alarm of your presence is already spread. A puff of smoke rises from them and ascends into the calm sky, for some time hardly disturbed in form, but rising, and by slow degrees attenuating itself until it is lost. A second or a third, or another will follow. The out-hunters are warned, and the presence of the white man is told to all the country round.

This power of signalizing by smoke shows the usual calmness of the atmosphere; and during those seasons when wandering tribes of Indians are scouring the country for the buffalo and collecting the winter supplies of food, there are few days when such signals may not be effectually given. If by some sudden accident more than warning is intended, and actual danger prevails, a pile of dry wood, or grass, will be instantly collected and set on fire, and so spread as to throw up a large and continuous cloud of smoke. So it was when a party of Indians, falling in with two white men, attacked and killed them. Shortly afterwards, discovering that some white men were on the trail behind them, and others not far off on their right

flank, they lighted up a fire and then successfully retreated. Those who alarmed them did not know the Indians were so near, and it was not until the next day that the sad discovery was made of the bodies of the murdered men.

Yet notwithstanding the skill of Indians in making attacks, and in the mode of conveying distant communications, the civilized man is their superior in their own arts. Every sign which the one practises, the other knows and practises with more than equal skill. The fresh trail, almost indistinct, and to the unpractised eye quite so, will be followed by the white man with confidence, and without fault or delay. He knows how old it is—whether made a few hours since, whether a day, or whether two days old. He knows when it gets fresher, and the moment when more precaution is needed. From old camp-fires he will accurately estimate the numbers of those who made them, and, from the form and arrangement of the encampment, the tribe that has passed on. He will accurately infer if it were a hunting-party, or one engaged in marauding, dignified by the name of a war-party. In dangerous places he will ensconce his companions in the bushes, and, on an alarm of his own sentries, will infer from a strung or an unstrung bow of passing Indians, the pirouetting of a horse, or from any movement indicating care or the absence of watchfulness, his own position, and his security or insecurity from attack. On the open prairie he will disturb the Indian signs, and confound the march of hostile savages. If he is sometimes surprised, he more frequently surprises. Would that it could be added that he is more merciful! But on this frontier, peace is a period of suspicion. There is no confidence; and "friendly" Indians may be spoken of, but there is no friendship but that absence from violence which the fear of superior prowess imposes. The civilized man estimates the effects of certain acts. In his own community he can single out a wrong-doer, and the wrong-doer is known to be such by all. But he who is educated in the wilderness has no policy; his powers of communication are limited, and he can only, when thoroughly subdued, understand that he is not still among savages. His violence and brutal passions are, by habit, restrained among his own people, beyond them the world is hostile, and he is subject to invasion and attack. So, also, on the slightest sense of injustice or of wrong, he is himself an invader, and carries destruction against the friends of him who has wronged him. He has no idea of injury being done by one man and not applauded by his companions. If one of another tribe injures him, he and his friends all revenge themselves against the whole tribe of the wrong-doer. This principle of retribution is the source of his destruction when he comes into collision with the white man. If his hunting-grounds are disturbed by some few white men, if one white man commits an injury, a foray on the white settlements is determined on, and the burning of houses, the destruction of crops, the slaughter of unresisting men and helpless women and children follows. An alarm is given to the nearest white settlements and every man with a horse and rifle is instantly mounted and on the alert. The deepest and most desperate revenge is the predominant desire, and the tribe is followed up with fierce and vindictive hatred, and is frequently destroyed without mercy or compassion.

To what certain destruction are such wandering tribes doomed! From the Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi the early tribes have disappeared, and the few Indians that remain in that space of country are only similar to small gangs of gipsies. It was once thought merciful to remove tribe after tribe, the remnants of large bodies, across the Mississippi; and Arkansas is the home of many mixed bodies of such immigrants. But the voluntary migration, before forced migration was part of a State policy, must have been considerable. That remarkable tribe known as the Flatheads was, in 1680, on the banks of the Mississippi. They were for some time lost, and were rediscovered on the coast of the Pacific and on the banks of the Columbia river. After the winter stores of the first-known tribes had been destroyed there was no security but in a western migration. In the vast plains at the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains freedom from encroachment existed, and the buffalo, which is utterly extinguished on this side of the Mississippi, continued in those distant regions to afford easy means of subsistence.

But in how short a time will even the west-

ern prairies present no dissimlar aspect of civilized life to that on the east, not long since covered with the forest! The settlements of Americans were rapidly extending up the Missouri when the discovery of California brought many thousands to open roads in all directions to the Pacific. What had been the extraordinary excursion of bodies of few men for the sake of pleasure and curiosity, became the undertaking of masses of human beings carrying their stock, their houses, and their food, to establish themselves in places only a few years since unknown even to the most daring adventurers. How, before this great inroad of a new race, can the hunting tribes exist? They cannot conform to new customs, or suddenly become a fixed population seeking their maintenance from the earth, and anticipating not merely their own wants but those of domesticated animals. No violence that they hereafter commit will go unpunished, and sweeping and dreadful will be the punishment. On one side, their means of subsistence will visibly diminish; on the other, they will meet a foe whose encroachments they cannot check.

We can draw no analogy from the cases of islands where an aboriginal population continues to exist among whites. There the elements of civilization may be taught, and Justice may establish her throne; but how is law to assume its regular jurisdiction over illimitable districts where no tribunals can be fixed, and where its ministers can themselves find neither home nor security?

Those who have traversed these regions of wildness, placid and beautiful as Nature has made them, so calm and magnificent in all their forms, so vast and extensive as to bow down the sense of human existence to the very earth, cannot fail to have seen many examples of the painful relation in which the red and the white man occupy towards each other. Sometimes necessity will make white men exclaim that "they wished that Indians took prisoners." Hardly, however, can a white man separate himself from his companions without being almost certain of attack. Like a cat watching at a hole, patient and enduring, every movement will be observed, though nothing is sought or expected but the life and the scalp of some man who may stray from his party. Nor is there any exaggeration in this representation, though frequent instances may be given to the contrary, upon some western routes on the northern border of Mexico. Here is no truce. It is constant and unvarying hostility on the part of the native tribes, and those signs of amity which farther to the north are noticed and respected are disregarded. Let a white man watch as sentry, and in the broad daylight he may be attacked: indeed, night-attacks very rarely happen. The writer was present when, in the middle of the day, an Indian approached an out-sentry, and before he was observed had speared him; but the act was incomplete, for assistance was rendered and he was saved from being scalped. The Indian, however, retired in safety.

At another time, three men went a short distance to pick the fruit of the misgrait tree, a mimosa plant, similar to a stunted acacia; it bears a long podded fruit, the shell of which is sweet and edible. For horses this fruit is nourishing, and supplies food sufficient to keep them in good condition. Among Indians it is pounded up and kept for their own sustenance. It was when going out to gather it, and only a short distance from camp, that they were attacked. One was instantly killed and scalped; another speared, dying a few days afterwards; and the third was slightly wounded. These two last were not scalped, assistance being instantly given them.

Other men were cut off in a similar manner, and equally suddenly, those by whom the blow was struck instantly disappearing; and their very presence was unknown except on such murderous events.

Most frequently such attacks are made after the night has been rainy. Then, the next morning is one of watchfulness, when there is an expert commander. Yet the daring of the savage is remarkable. It had been a wet night, and the horses were around the camp. A guard was placed on a hill at a short distance overlooking the camp, with the opportunity of seeing up an open valley for nearly the distance of a mile. One horse alone had strayed to near the visible extremity of the valley. It was seen by the owner, and a Mexican in the company went out to bring it in. As he caught it the cry of Indians was raised. They came down, and, quick as lightning, slew and scalped the Mexican and led off

the horse. In another instant, the cry of "Stampede!" was heard—a word corrupted, from the Spanish of *estampédo*, (making a noise,) but now thoroughly an American word; for "stampeding," making "a stampede," and "such a stampede," with various qualifications of the expression, meaning "frightening off," are terms in frequent use, though adopted only a few years since. Now a stampede, when in the midst of a wilderness, and men cannot rely on reaching any settlement or fort, is an alarming and awful event; for the consequences are sure to include the death of many persons in a future stage of the journey. These stampedes occur in these ways: first, all the animals at night, without any known cause, will take fright and gallop off in a herd, tearing up the stakes by which they are fastened, if not very strongly fastened; or, even if hobbled, going off in a gallop with their hobbles on; and on such night-frights, not merely do the horses start away, but even the cattle which during the previous day had shown signs of fatigue and seemed incapable of moving will also gallop off. These voluntary stampedes merely cause considerable trouble in a morning. There is no possibility of bringing any of the animals back at night. Wherever they are disposed to run, they are left to run. They are sure to go very much together, and therefore in a morning their trail will be easily traced; and when morning comes, though sometimes at a distance of a mile to two miles, every horse will be found, and the cattle will be seen nearer home. Nor is it at all unusual to find the oxen, which, in order to check their going far, have been left to graze yoked in couples, stuck fast among the trees where each, in the struggle to pull off its companion, has firmly fixed itself.

The most serious occurrence of this kind is when the Indians cause it, for then the animals are irrecoverably lost. This they do by noises, by shrill cries, or by a blazing pitch stick. There is no power whatever to check or to control horses, cattle, or mules. All are filled with a common panic. They tear away from their fastenings, and the ground shakes with their tramp. The loss which this causes is fatal to any expedition. On some routes it is most carefully guarded against; on others, the negligence of it is astonishing.

The more frequent occurrence of stampedes is in the morning. The sun had just risen when the one before alluded to was raised. The horses were driven off, and the Indians, at full gallop, were seen shouting after them. Not a horse in camp was either saddled or in hand; and as the savages were mounted, they scoured past, keeping the loose horses together, and were soon out of sight. So soon as it was possible, they were followed up, but in vain; they had got to so great a distance that, after the most strenuous efforts, further pursuit became impracticable. Seventy horses were taken; and in the midst of a desert some three hundred miles from human habitation, seventy men were reduced to walk, suffering at the time from weakness, starvation, and from that painful disease, the scurvy.

This disease of scurvy is rare, but sometimes occurs in the prairie. It was occasioned by depending for four months on animal food alone. The oxen that were driven had become lean; all fat on them was gone; and it is for those who have examined the cause of diseases to explain more accurately the effect of fat as part of human food than has hitherto been done. It has been held that fat and grease are required by the natives of northern and colder climes, in order to supply sufficient carbon to sustain the loss of heat from the body; and it has been alledged that such supply in warm climates is not needed. Now it will be admitted that, in the summer months at least, the heat of the country bordering on the Rio Grande, in the latitude of 29 deg., 30 min., is excessive. The sun burns with scorching heat, and parts of the human body exposed to it during the course of a morning's ride become blistered, producing afterwards a sensation of painful rheumatism, until the cuticle or external skin becomes loosened, and peels off.

The face is differently affected; but a few hours' exposure produces this blistering on the legs, and more especially the neck, the back of the neck, and the parts between the shoulders. From this, therefore, the heat may be inferred. But what food, even at this season, is most desired? It may excite laughter, but the great object is to obtain an unbounded quantity of grease and fat. However delicately a man may have been brought up, the desire to obtain fat is irre-

pressible. That it is no novelty to assert this may be verified by a reference to the travels of one Pierce through Western Texas about the year 1760, and which was not known to the writer until he himself had had experience of the fact. If a buffalo is killed, the first attempt is to secure the fat parts of the animal. If a bear is killed, the fat is regarded as a luxury. It was not unusual to see a man taking back to his mess a large cotton bag filled chiefly with fat parts of a buffalo, and containing an infinitely small quantity of flesh. Why should this taste for oily matter arise? It does not continue as a habit. So soon as the supply of it ceased the scurvy appeared, producing, as usual, great want of strength, a general lassitude, inability to move more than short distances without rest; and all wounds produce a horrid and offensive pustulent inflammation extending far beyond the puncture or the wound itself. But though in the instance alluded to scurvy was produced, perhaps the facts do not prove more than the desire under given circumstances to obtain food of an oily nature. The scurvy might have appeared in consequence of a long confinement to animal food alone. In this case it did not appear until all fat matter was lost; but it might have appeared notwithstanding. Three months' subsistence on animal food did not produce it, the fat of the oxen killed not having been lost by travelling. After that time the scurvy appeared. It certainly cannot be shown that it might not have appeared if the animals had remained fat; but this fact, however, is certain, namely, that in a hot and dry country oily food is desired, and is most eagerly secured; for dryness of climate is also one of the conditions under which the desire for it prevails. In the moist atmosphere to the south, nearer the sea, and where the rivers flow closer to each other than they do inland, this anxiety to obtain animal food that is excessively fat is not observed.

From Dickens' "Household Words."

MY PEARL-FISHING EXPEDITION.

Ceylon has for centuries been famed for the richness and value of its pearls. Its oyster banks are said to have furnished those which the voluptuous Cleopatra quaffed in her wine, to the health of Marc Antony. The "Barbaric Pearl" was ever a favorite ornament amongst the Greek and Roman ladies; and it is still as highly prized by the native princes of India. The most costly produce of the Ceylon Pearl Fisheries is carried, by Moorish and Hindoo traders, to the Indian Continent: the least valuable are mostly exported to the countries of Europe.

The reader need hardly be informed that the pearl is a substance found secreted in the flesh of a peculiar species of non-edible oyster, which is met with on the northwest coast of Ceylon, as well as in the Persian Gulf, in the Sooloo Islands, on the coast of Algiers, in the Bay of Panama, and in one or two other places. These oysters are more prettily shaped than the edible oysters of this country. The interior of the shell has a most beautiful mother-of-pearl appearance. The finest pearls are usually found in the beard of the oyster, whilst the smaller varieties, and those known as *seed pearls*, are met with in the thick part of the flesh. Some have been seen as large as pistol-bullets, and one is on record as having been worth one hundred and ten thousand pounds. The average value, however, of the middling sizes are about three or four pounds; whilst the smaller sizes are to be had for a few shillings.

Since the possession of Ceylon by the British, the Pearl Fishery has proved a source of considerable revenue to the Government; yielding, occasionally, as much as eighty thousand pounds per annum. The season for fishing is during the month of March; just when the force of the north-east monsoon has passed over, and previous to the first appearance of the southwest winds. The oyster banks are situated off a point of land called Aripo, on the west coast of the island, far to the north of Colombo, and not very distant from "Adam's Bridge;" a ridge of rocks crossing the Samubin Channel, nearly from Ceylon to the most southern point of the Indian Continent. The Banks are numerous and mostly of but a few miles in extent; they are out of sight of land, which is here very low, so that to fish them requires some degree of experience and skill. The exclusive right to this Fishery rests with the Ceylon Government; and this right was for many years, sold by public auction or by private tenders to native renters. In

more recent times the Government fished the Banks on their own account, disposing of the oysters, as brought on shore, by auction.

On the 25th of February, 1836, I arrived in the Bay of Condaletry, the anchorage of Aripo, a passenger on board the Government bark "Wellington," of whose commander I was the guest. The Inspector of the Pearl Banks was also on board, with his own boat and crew: his lugger was fitted up very comfortably with awnings and cushions, precautions I soon found highly necessary on such service.

Early the next morning I landed with the Inspector at Silawatorre, a small village, distant a few miles from the station at Aripo. This was a most miserable little place, consisting of but a single row of small mud huts standing in hot and dusty solitude, with a few lonely parched-up palms near them; but far as the eye could reach, inland or coastwise, there was nothing to break the monotony of endless sand-plains, save the distant white walls of the "Doric;" a lofty, stuccoed Government building, near Aripo, which glistened and shone so brilliantly in the rays of the morning sun as to make one's eyes blink again. For miles around lay countless heaps of snowy oyster shells, bleached by the suns of many monsoons. Ridge over ridge, heap upon heap, they seemed to have no end; and one might well have imagined that, in years long past, some conflicting armies of oysters had met to do battle on those sea-washed sands, and left their many hetacombs of slain unburied on those wastes.

There were a few dirty women, and thin-faced children on the beach, whose curiosity had for the moment overcome their sloth. Farther on, under three palms, stood the *Adapanaar* of Aripo, or headman of the district; a fine gray-bearded old man, attended by his deputy the *Maniagar*, and a few seedy-looking followers armed to the teeth with paper umbrellas and painted sticks. The Inspector adjourned with these strange-looking officials to a thatched open bungalow, by a small flag-staff, where they were soon engrossed in details respecting the approaching fishery. The scene was altogether so desolate and uninteresting, and the sun was becoming so powerful, that I was glad to return to the ship by the first opportunity—a native canoe.

The following morning we stood out for the "Banks," near which the anchor was dropped, and for several days the Inspector and his boat's crew were occupied in placing buoys with little blue and red flags attached, upon the edges of the several beds which were to be poked. The weather was oppressively hot; the sky was without a cloud to break the intensity of the sun's rays; the sea-breeze blew faintly and fitfully, scarcely rippling the surface of the water, which seemed as though it were a sea of some molten metal.

On the 5th of March we returned to our anchorage in Condaletry Bay; but this time closer to the shore. I could not help being amused at the pantomimic change which had, during our absence, come over the dull mud-village and dusty plains on shore. It was as though Harlequin had, with his wand, transformed all those piles of shells I had left on the beach, into living masses of dusky human beings. The Genius of the Wonderful Lamp must have given his vessel an extra rub, and conjured up the inhabitants of some subterranean world to astonish us on our return. The very sands of the plain seemed to be redolent of life. The miserable row of low, dirty huts had either been levelled to the ground, or were hidden from sight by numberless gayly-colored booths or *Pandals*, of all sorts of shapes and sizes, ornamented with the pale green leaves of the Palmyra and Cocoa Palm, and long strips of white cloth. There were thousands of natives flocking and struggling down to the beach, as though they expected us to bring on shore all the wealth of the Pearl Banks. Our anchorage-ground was opposite the little flag-staff; and, about us as thick as they could be moored lay fully two hundred native boats of various sizes, though of one build, being a sort of rakish-looking barge; so sharp and knowing, both forwards and aft, that one might have imagined them to have been bloated and corpulent London wherries. They were each manned by ten oarsmen, a *Tandal* or steersman, and his deputy, besides a cooley for baling out the water; for most of these craft leak freely. They measure from eight to twelve tons, yet there are very few nails about them; the omnipotent cocoa-nut fibre serving to fasten nearly all Cingalese vessels and boats together.

I could not resist the temptation presented by the motley scene on shore. Accordingly towards the evening, I landed, and mixed amongst the busy, endless throng. It seemed almost incredible that the gay place I then beheld, could have been the same that not many days since I had left so silent and desolate. There was the flag-staff, however, now inclosed by a broken fence, and guarded by a detachment of Malay riflemen. Farther off, towering high above the *Pandals* and bazaars, was the dazzling white walls of the Doric. It was with the utmost difficulty that I forced my way through the dense moving mass; the noise, the crowd, the heat, the smell, the motley colors, all served to annoy and perplex, whilst they amused. All these thousands were congregated to share in, or derive some profit from, the fishery about to take place. All appeared anxious to learn if the day had been fixed; how many boats would be employed; and for how long. A few of the more respectable traders pressed around me, in the hope of gathering some information on these points; but in vain. Wealthy Hindoo merchants; Moormen and Malabar Chettys from the opposite coasts of India; Parawa traders from the Madura shore; Arabs, Banians, and Parsees, from Bombay and Madras; dealers from the Persian Gulf; Tamils, Jews, Chinese, Portuguese, Dutch, half-castes, Cingalese, Malays—all were there, in their many gayly-colored and varied costumes, making up what might well have been taken for a masquerade in the open air.

Long rows of bazaars stretched as far as the eye could reach; gaudily decorated, and filled to the roof with wares and merchandise of every conceivable kind, as though the swarms of visitors were expected to dwell there for a twelvemonth at least. Booths full of sweetmeats, strong liquors, and native drinks, tempted the hungry and the thirsty on all sides. In the middle stood a rather humble-sized building, with a white flag flying from one corner of its leafy roof, and strings of little lamps and flowers hung across the doorway. The sound of heavy tom-toms, and shrilly-shrieking pipes, resounded from within, and told plainly enough its sacred character. It was a temple hastily erected by the priests of the shrine of Ramisseram—a famed sanctuary on the Indian shore—where, it is said by Bramin legends, Adam rested ere passing over to Ceylon to end his days. Farther on was a Buddhist temple, with its yellow and white flowers, cloths and flags, and its yellow-robed, bald-headed, keen-eyed, old priests. These gentry reap a rich harvest during the fishery by ordinary offerings, the sale of charms for the divers, and lucky "*olahs*" for those who intend to bid for oysters. Besides all these sources of income, the priests lay claim to charity, or temple oysters, a small proportion from each boat-load out of the divers' shares, and which most of the natives are weak and ignorant enough to concede them.

At one of the large ornamented arrack-booths, a crowd of boatmen and divers was assembled, listening to the lusty harangue from a tall ungainly figure, I could scarcely distinguish amidst so many in the throng. I found out that he was a Shark-Charmer, and reaped no little gain from his vocation. The divers, I learned, were so persuaded of his mystic powers over the monsters of the deep, that no bribes or threats would induce them to venture in the sea without his presence. This "Charmer" stood quite six feet high, a dark, long-haired Bramin, with bright, cat-like eyes, and heavy shaggy eyebrows. His black hair was matted together with dirt and filth; his skin was marked in many places with mysterious characters in chalk; his brawny neck and arms were ornamented with strings of heavy black beads. It was hardly to be wondered at, that such a character should possess some influence over the benighted Indians—the boatmen and divers; it was not difficult, however, to perceive that most of his excitement was derived from the little squat bottles which graced the dirty shelves of the Arrack Bazaar.

After a lapse of four days, spent by the Inspector, the Magistrate of the District, the Government Agent, and the *Adapanaar*, in various arrangements;—in publishing notices and issuing instructions connected with the fishery—the first diving day was determined on, and the boats, to the number of two hundred, were forthwith put in readiness.

The day previous to the fishery, the "Wellington" once more stood out for the "Banks," with the Inspector and Government Agent on board. The boats, with their

respective complements of divers, were to leave precisely at midnight, so as to arrive on the banks before daylight, the wind being at that time off the land and in their favor. In order to see as much as possible of their proceedings, I remained to accompany the fleet with the old *Adapanaar* in his ten-oared cutter. I lay down at dusk in a small shed attached to the temporary military quarters, intending to snatch a few hours' repose. But I soon found sleep was quite out of the question; the noise in the bazaars was greater than ever, and it was with an effort that I made myself heard by the attendants, above the din of voices, tom-toms, and pipes. I walked out and found the boatmen and divers, far from attempting any rest previous to their heavy labors, merry-making on the sea-beach. Many were dancing, many beating time on the tom-tom; hundreds were chanting their wild songs, and all had been well supplied with toddy and arrack. The night was pitchy dark, and but few stars were visible over the bright glare of many torches. A huge bonfire blazed over the flag-staff, lighting up bazaars, palm-trees, and temples, in one lurid glare, and flinging a few rays on the distant shining walls of the Doric. The Shark-Charmer, too, stood in all his glory, on the summit of one of the vast heaps of blanched oyster shells: he was holding forth to the assembled crowd with shouts and wild gesticulations, and as the glare of the fire shot past him, he appeared to be clothed in flame, whilst his gaunt arms flung titanic shadows along the distant plain, like those of a monster windmill hard at work in the midnight breeze.

The appointed time drew near; a gong sent forth a few notes of thunder, and with magic suddenness the dancing, singing, and drinking ceased. The Shark-Charmer stole away, no one knew where; some thought to pray, more probably into the Arrack Bazaar; the boatmen, divers, and Government Peons, crowding down the beach and through the water, passed to their appointed posts in the boats. More than four thousand human beings packed themselves into those frail-looking craft, and yet they were not so crowded as not to leave room for the oysters. The *Adapanaar* led me to his cutter; we seated ourselves, and he gave orders to the head *Tandal*, or commodore of the fleet, to make all ready. Then arose a low indistinct murmur, which gradually swelled into hollow thunder: the echo of many thousands of voices. The boatmen rose up on their benches, flung high their arms, opened their huge mouths, and rolled their shining eyes. What could all this mean? Was it a revolt? No,—the Shark-Charmer was missing from his post; without his potent presence not a boat of all the fleet would put to sea. A detachment of Peons, and a few Malay riflemen were dispatched in search of the "holy" truant. In a few minutes they returned leading the charmer of the deep staggering along in a most mysterious manner, and flinging his arms about as though possessed. The Peons rolled him unceremoniously into one of the boats, where he fell on the flooring with a heavy crash.

The *Adapanaar* gave the final signal amidst a momentary hush; a small field-piece was fired from the base of the flag-staff, half-a-dozen rockets shot into the air and scattered themselves in a thousand stars over our heads, and away went the two hundred boats in gallant style! A loud, discordant shout was raised on shore, answered lustily by the crews and divers, and then all was still again. The land breeze was fresh; the water smooth as glass; and our fleet made rapid way. The large, yellow bamboo masts pointed high in air, with their enormous, beautifully white transparent sails filling with the breeze, and lit up by the bonfire on shore, seemed as though they were a host of huge winged creatures of the deep, hastening to their sea-homes far away. On the soft cushions of our roomy craft, I laid me down beneath the awning's shade, and slept some quiet hours. I started from my rest on hearing some one near me giving orders in a loud voice. It was still dark, and looking out I perceived a bright small light not very far distant. It was a signal-light at the mast-head of the "Wellington." We were close to the "Banks," and in a few minutes I was on board the vessel. The fleet went astern, and there quietly awaited daylight. By the time we had sipped a cup of hot coffee, and smoked a cheroot, it was broad daylight, and then a move was made. I passed once more to the soft cushions of the cutter, the *Adapanaar* saw all ready, and in a few minutes a gun was fired, and off we went as before.

The fishing-grounds lay above half a mile ahead of the bark, and arriving on them, it occupied some time to arrange the many boats in proper order, so as to prevent delay or confusion. The sun had risen, bright and gorgeous, over the land. All eyes were turned towards the "Wellington," awaiting the expected signal to commence operations. Five divers in each boat were mounted on the gunwales, armed with their diving-stones, nets, and ropes; the remaining five stood eagerly watching them. The Inspector was standing on the vessel's poop—the boatswain by his side, with the signal halyards in his hands. Minutes seemed hours. At last there was a move on deck, and the signal-flag rose slowly upwards; the union-jack fluttered in the morning breeze, and just as it touched the mast-head a thousand divers, with their stones and nets, plunged silently in the sea. I shall not easily forget the sensation I experienced when I saw the crowd of human beings sink, as by magic, in the depths below, leaving but a few bubbles to mark their downward path. I pulled out my watch; a minute elapsed and not one of all the thousand appeared; a minute and a quarter—a minute and a half—three-quarters—two minutes—still not a soul rose to the surface. I dreaded some fearful calamity. Two minutes and a quarter had flown; the drops of perspiration gathered thickly on my forehead; my hands trembled, so that I could scarce hold my watch. I turned to the *Adapanaar* in an agony of anxiety, but he was sitting calm and quiet as an oyster. How gladly my heart beat when I saw first a dozen heads and shoulders, then fifty, then five hundred and more, ascend to the surface, bubbling and spluttering, as well they might after such a submarine excursion. And then the bustle and excitement began in good earnest, on all sides. The boatmen helped to pull in the nets full of oysters: the divers, but little fatigued, climbed over the boats' sides, and saw their fish counted into distinct heaps by the Peon in charge of the boat. Each net appeared to have brought up from fifty to seventy oysters. As the last of the divers came over the boats' sides, the five hundred who had quietly waited their turn, rose up, and, with their nets and stones, plunged in as their comrades had before them, as rapidly and as silently.

The arrangements for diving are exceedingly simple:—the diving-stone is a piece of granite, conical-shaped, and weighing about ten pounds; through one end of it a double cord of coir is rove, of sufficient length to reach the bottom easily, one end of it being secured to the boat. When about to plunge in, the diver places his right foot on the stone and between the double cord, using it as a stirrup; the weight suffices to hasten his descent, and on arriving at the bottom, the stone is cast away and pulled up by the boatmen, so as to be clear of the net-rope: this rope is stouter and single. The diver seizes the hoop of the net firmly between the toes of his left foot—for the natives use their toes as actively as we do our fingers—and when on the bank below, grasps the net in his left hand, flings himself flat on his face, and sweeps the oysters rapidly into his coir bag with his right hand. When he has secured sufficient fish, he gives his comrades above the signal by jerking the net-rope; they immediately commence hauling it in. To give himself an impetus upwards, the diver lays hold of the net for a second or two, then raises his hands together above his head, and rapidly floats to the surface.

From the commencement of the diving, the old Shark-Charmer had stationed himself on the stern of the boat, which was in the centre of the fleet: occasionally he muttered a short prayer or charm, flourishing his long arms about in his accustomed manner; but at intervals he descended to sip something from a cocoa-nut shell bottle, doubtless to aid him in his exorcisms. During one of his potations, and about one hour before mid-day, we were suddenly startled by hearing a shrieking and howling in one of the distant boats, followed by a terrible commotion and loud cries of—"The shark! the shark!" Our boat was immediately pulled to the scene of commotion, and there, sure enough, one of those monsters of the deep had been at work. A poor diver was being pulled into the boat, lacerated, and bleeding profusely, the water all around being deeply tinged with blood. One leg was nearly severed from his body, and the pain had caused him to faint away. The alarm went rapidly round from boat to boat; the divers left the water, and it was soon evident that there would be no more fishing on

that day. So effectually did the accident paralyze that mass of people, that all, with one accord, sat gazing vacantly at each other, neither speaking nor moving. After a time, some of the boats without orders, began to leave the fishing-ground, and were soon followed by the rest, making their way to the "Wellington." The Inspector was too well acquainted with native prejudice to attempt any expostulation on this diversion: he, however, sent for the old Shark-Charmer, who attended the summons with the utmost effrontery. In reply to the question, how he dared to permit a shark to injure a diver in the employ of the British Government, he said there were some spirits adverse to the powers he possessed; and that, during the brief time of his taking a little refreshment, one of those antagonists had broken his charm and unloosed the jaws of the shark! All was now vain—no more fishing; and, although the sea breeze was still lagging lazily behind, the fleet pushed shorewards, the boatmen plying their oars for a few miles. An hour later the breeze came up from the southwest—fitfully at first—then steadily up went the great spider-legged bamboo masts and the wide-winged sails, and the sharp-nosed boats slipped noiselessly landward.

Our approach to the shore was signalized by a gun: thousands were again on the beach awaiting our coming, and anxious to hear of our success. As we drew near, a long, wild shout rent the air; then a pause. No reply was given from the boats, the spirits of all were depressed by the accident, not so much from sympathy with the poor sufferer, as from a feeling that the accident at so early a stage was a bad omen.

The whole of the fleet having reached the shore, a party of Malay riflemen and Peons cleared an open space between them and the crowd on the beach, so as to allow the unloading of the boats, which was at once commenced. The oysters were divided on the sandy shore into four equal parts, three of which went to the Government, or the renter, as the case might be; the remaining fourth was shared amongst the boatmen, the divers, the *Tandal*, and the boat-owner; the divers receiving twice as much as the boatmen, and the owner rather more than the divers. The Government oysters were carried up in baskets to large bamboo inclosures, called *Cottoos*, where they were kept until sold by auction on the following day. The native shares of the fish were disposed of in a similar way; though, sometimes, they were retained by their owners on their own account, and the pearls found in them sold afterwards.

I did not go off to the next day's fishing, being desirous of witnessing the oyster auction: the boats, however, went as before, the Shark-Charmer having woven a spell of extra potency; which, it was said, would astonish the marine monsters, and secure their jaws as effectually as if fastened by Chubb's detector locks. The biddings were carried on with an eagerness almost amounting to frenzy. The oysters were offered in lots of one thousand, taken from the *Cottoos* indiscriminately. Some fine-looking fellows went as high as six pounds the thousand; many, however, were knocked down for half that price, and not a few realized no more than fifteen shillings a lot, about the price of ordinary native oysters in England. Had the bidders believed that their admission into Paradise depended on their obtaining a few lots of these oysters, their mad excitement could scarcely have been exceeded. One old man, a Moorman, I particularly noticed. His entire suit of wearing apparel could hardly have been worth one of the oysters he had been bidding for. Avarice was deeply marked in his sharp features; and when he at last succeeded in obtaining one lot, I thought he would have gone wild with joy. He leaped about, danced, laughed, and sung bits of old musty ditties. Nor was he quiet until he had removed his heap to a miserable little shed hard by. There he sat down, close beside his lot of fish, and burying his head between his hands with the elbows resting on his knees, remained contemplating his little fortune, longing, yet half afraid to open some of them. I left him thus gazing on the oysters, as though each living thing held his own life and immortality within its rocky shell.

There were many wealthy traders there from all parts of India; but many more had with difficulty scraped together sums varying from a dozen pagodas to a dozen dollars; men who had purchased or borrowed the means of bidding at this intoxicating auction; men who had left their famished fam-

ilies without the means of obtaining a mouthful of rice: who had torn the gold bangles and ear-rings from their wives and children, and melted them into ingots, to deal in the maddening trade of Aripo. Some returned home rich beyond their expectations: some with little fortunes; but many went back ruined, beggared, and broken-hearted, to repay their loans or pledges; while some fled in terror to strange lands—having lost the means of replacing moneys taken by them from sources of trust—being ruined in means and reputation. All this happens at every Pearl Fishery, and is not to be prevented, save by offering the fish in larger lots; which, though it might not prove quite so remunerative to the Government, would save much evil and suffering.

No further accidents from sharks happened whilst I was on the "Banks;" but in truth, at the end of the first week of the fishery, I was glad to avail myself of the opportunity of returning to Colombo in a Government boat. The novelty of the scene had worn off; one day's operations were precisely those of another. The scenes of drunken riot and dissipated frenzy were daily becoming more violent and disgusting. Added to this, the intolerable stench from the accumulating myriads of oysters hastening to decomposition, rendered a residence on shore, within a mile or two of the *Cottoos*, quite intolerable to one who did not in any way partake of the excitement of the lottery in pearls.

The oysters are left in heaps for about thirty days, at the end of which time they become perfectly decomposed. In that state they are placed in a large canoe, and well but carefully washed with plenty of water, so as to remove the rotten portion of the fish, leaving the pearls and the shells in the water. Some of the more needy purchasers have not patience to await this process, but at once proceed to work by opening the fresh oysters, and so learn their good fortune or their beggary. So eager are all to make money at these auctions, that the *Cottoos*, or bamboo inclosures and the washing-places, are all offered for sale at the expiration of the cleansing processes, and eagerly purchased by those who hope to discover, in the sandy ground, some pearls which may have escaped the care of the former occupants. This they often succeed in doing.

Some conception may be formed of the immense masses of oysters which at these times lay putrefying on the burning sands of Aripo, when I mention that each boat will bring on shore, in one trip, from ten to twenty thousand of fish, making a daily total of from two to four millions for the whole fleet. The extremely hazardous results of these auctions may be gathered from the fact, that whilst in some instances as many as a hundred pearls of various weights and value are found in one oyster of large size, one hundred oysters may be opened without finding in them a single pearl.

The natives of India have a singular belief, with regard to the origin of pearls: it is, that those beautiful concretions are congealed dew-drops, which Buddha, in certain months, showers upon the earth, and are caught by the oysters whilst floating on the waters to breathe. The priests—ever alive to their own interests—keep up the strange belief, and make it the pretext for exacting from the divers and boatmen of their faith what are termed "charity oysters," for the use of Buddha, who, when thus propitiated, according to their showing, will render the fish more rich in pearls in future seasons.

From "Eliza Cook's Journal."

ALFRED TENNYSON AND HIS POEMS.

The post of poet laureate could not have been bestowed more worthily than upon Alfred Tennyson. The duties of the office have faded into nothingness, and the only purpose it can now serve, if any, is to set a mark of honor upon genius, and to recompense those men who, though they have attained fame, are but scantily rewarded in a pecuniary sense. We do not pretend to know any thing of the private circumstances of Alfred Tennyson, but we fear that poets of his class, however highly they may be estimated, however thickly their laurels may cluster around their brows, are appreciated and read by a comparatively small class. It requires an amount of intelligence greater than is possessed by the mass of those among whom literature has made its way—it requires a taste, only to be acquired by careful cultivation, to sympathize with the sentiment, and enter into the spirit of

his poetry; and the whole of the customs under which people in a commercial age live, the majority of the habits which use has made a second nature to them, are adverse to a full comprehension of the poetic genius of Tennyson. Such poems as those of Charles Mackay, appealing energetically to the passions which lay upon the surface, twining themselves in among the daily thoughts of men, mixing up with the business of their lives, showing out their political efforts, depicting the miseries and the wrongs which prompt philanthropic exertion and social amelioration, we are prepared to find selling in large impressions. Such poems are suitable to the active, bustling, trading spirit of the age. They are, to use a word familiar to metaphysicians, objective.* They teach by things rather than by thoughts. They deal with matters common to all. The eyes of the mind among men of action—and none but such men thrive in this era, or exercise great influence—are turned outwards upon the world—and the popular poetry of the age follows the same direction; but Tennyson, while he has passion and sentiment to overflowing, and sometimes dashes off with straightforward description, is too full of thought to keep closely enough to his subject and restrict himself to its practical bearings. His poetry, therefore, smacks of philosophy always, and sometimes deals with the gravest metaphysical questions in the most earnest tone. He is for ever looking within, endeavoring as it were to comprehend himself, and, through himself, humanity. He is not satisfied with seeing the material object, he looks for the idea which underlies it; he is not content with feeling the sensation of a fact thrown from the outer world, and imaged back from the mirror of the mind, but he must seek for the links of the chain which connects mere sensation with conscious perception, and memory with both; and beyond all he must strive to penetrate to those most mysterious of all sympathies which attract us, unknown to ourselves, in this or that direction, and direct the course of man's life.

If we could compare men with watches, we might say that Tennyson lives in the world of timekeepers around him, not content to keep time, but wishing to know why he and his fellows keep it; or—better and more poetical comparison, and, therefore, fitter to use for a poet—he is like the deep, still lake, so o'erbowered with the arching trees, which, throwing their limbs from side to side, shut out the sunshine, that from the very plenty of the materials for reflection, its dark, still, polished surface does but image forth its own depth. We do not think we could find an apter comparison than that to illustrate the order of Tennyson's mind. It is so full of thought that it seems almost thoughtless. Like the disk with many colors upon its surface, which, when revolving swiftly, seems colorless and motionless, the very activity of his mind makes him appear slow and tardy to the reader who cannot appreciate purely *subjective* thought; and then, too, every tract he passes along is so full of objects on every side, that, rapidly as he moves, he appears to keep near the same spot, for every step tempts him right and left into the paths of thought which open out to his vision on every side. This apparent want of progress, too, is made more apparent by the distance at which the philosophic as well as poetic mind of Tennyson is from the general mind of the day; and it is here, as it is in the material landscape, intervening space seems by its own vastness to obliterate apparent motion. Mount a swift horse, throw the reins upon his neck, dash your heels into his sides, and while the closely-adjacent fields and hedgerows, gardens, and cottages seem to fly past you with the speed of light, and your blood is boiling with exhilaration in the swiftness of the mad gallop, cast a glance upon the hill painted blue by distance which bounds the horizon, where earth and sky look as though they met and kissed each other, and see how slowly you progress with reference to that. You may speed on for an hour, and yet with reference to that you are motionless; it maintains the same, or nearly the same, relative position; and when you do leave it behind, look higher still, and if the stars are glimmering through the dusky veil of night, fix your eye upon the northern star—the mariner's constant guide—and try to outride

* Subject is used to express mind, soul, or personality of the thinker. Object expresses any thing or every thing external to the mind.—*Knight's National Cyclopædia.*

that. You may whip and spur and fly onward till your horse drops beneath you, but there it is still upon your right hand or your left, or straight before you, as the case may be. You seem no nearer to it—no farther from it. It is too far off to be influenced by your petty progress, and though it may be whirling round upon its own axis with inconceivable velocity, and dashing through space with a speed which would make one giddy even to think of, its motion belongs to another world than yours, and to you it is motionless.

There are other characteristics of Tennyson's mind which, at the present period, disassociate him from the world, and most tend to prevent him from becoming immediately and extensively popular. It is not flattering to our own age to say that there is in it, in the main, a great want both of simplicity and earnestness. Education, much as we rejoice in its diffusion, has as yet spread widely rather than sunk deeply. It has widened like a river overflowing its banks and carrying its fertilizing waters in tiny rivulets to the hitherto parched and barren ground beside it, but becoming more shallow in mid-channel. Men in the mass are *knowing* rather than really *learned.* They are playing with knowledge to the full, as much as working with it—they to the full, as much perhaps more, resemble the lecturer making pretty many-colored fires on the platform of a popular institute, as the sage in his closet toiling on painfully to the comprehension of a hidden law of nature. And as for that earnestness which so generally belongs to simplicity, we do not often see or hear of any thing so really simple or earnest in the world of men, as the frequent occurrence of a child seeking to know how and why he is. If men could, as some great and good men have done, retain in their maturity, or rather call up again, the freshness of wonder, admiration, and curiosity which make so much of the happiness of the boy, we should have a world more earnest, and thoughtful, and wise, and better than it is—a world more capable of appreciating the poetry of Tennyson. Perhaps it may be a Utopian thought, but it is so beautiful to the soul that we would fain still have the wish the father to the thought, and believe it; perhaps the time may come when the fullness of the satisfaction of material wants shall make men less worldly, and then boyhood and manhood instead of seeming two distinct and different states apart in action and wish, may blend as gently and imperceptibly into each other as the white and red upon the rose leaf, each animated by the same spirit of loveliness, each borrowing a kindred charm from the other; but now schemes, and wiles, and intrigues shut out the man from the boy, we look upon ourselves as we were, as other beings from ourselves as we are, often with scarcely a sympathy or an emotion in common, and the life of men is sharp, shrewd, self-contained, and sneering. As men are, so to a great extent will their favorite authors be; associations here, unlike those between the sexes, arise rather from likeness than from contrast, and the world's popular writers, with a very few exceptions, are like the world in kind although superior in degree. The great charm in reading is to find our own thoughts mirrored forth from another mind with greater beauty and precision, and in a clearer light than ourselves can embody them. Though fond of *newness* (rather than *freshness*) we seek for the new in expression more than in idea. It appears as though what we strive to know must have some defined perceptible relation to what we know already, and we follow those who though beyond are in the same track as ourselves, without the wish, perhaps without the capacity, to diverge into the paths where others are roaming. The main highway of the world is that on which the feet of the many are travelling, which is worn smooth with constant friction; and all, but very few having originality or boldness to project or diverge into a comparatively unbeaten road, follow the trodden one as surely as water flows along the channel cut for its passage, or worn for it by the current long years ago. In such a state of things, Tennyson, like Emerson and Shelley, with both of whom he has much in common as well as many points of dissimilarity, will be more talked of than read, more read than understood; though perhaps few libraries will be reckoned complete without him—it will be long ere he sinks into the hearts and thoughts of men, and becomes "familiar in their mouths as household words," and to such a man the poet-laureateship, conferred

by those who are able to appreciate his merits, is a fitting recognition and a slight reward in the present. For the future, without pretending to the mantle of prophecy, we may safely predict that like a piece of gold thrown into a stream, his thoughts and words will sink deeply and richly into the current of life.

There is another element of Tennyson's nature which is worthy of notice, and confirms us in the opinion that he does not live in his own age. He has that constant tendency towards sombreness rather than sadness which is a general accompaniment of deep thought. The world in its moments of relaxation is a merry world. It loves comedy rather than tragedy, a crowd gathers round the bawler of a comic song far more readily than one who trolls a lay of sentiment, and when it seems to be sad, its sadness is rather the counterfeit of the melodrama than the genuine grief of the tragedy. Thoughtful melancholy is not sufficiently exciting for those who live a life of constant action, and now is not the time to sympathize with Tennyson, many of whose lyrics, while delighting us with their deep, heartfelt joy, remind us of a gay, green wood in summer's prime, with the leaves glittering in the sunshine, and the birds twittering cheerily from every spray, but where among all the sighing wind comes now and then with hollow melancholy moaning.

We have before us at the moment the poems of Tennyson, published between 1830 and 1842, and through some of them, after thus feebly attempting to delineate the nature of that mind which but few are fitted to comprehend, we shall glance in order to illustrate our remarks by the poet's own works, reserving his later works—"The Princess" and "In Memoriam," for a future paper. For the sake of contrasting more forcibly Tennyson with those writers of whom perhaps poor Thomas Hood is the highest exemplar, we turn to the short poem entitled the "Deserted House," a fair parallel to Hood's "Haunted House," from which we took some extracts in a former paper in this Journal. That poem of Hood's was a perfect example of the manner in which an objective mind of a high order would treat such a subject. If our readers will turn to it they will see how, touch upon touch, he paints the things which excite thought. The grass-grown walks, the weed-covered lake, the rusty hinges, the ruined windows, the mouldering wall, the creaking stairs, the spider's web. It was as minute as a Dutch painting, nothing seemed to be omitted, the effect was complete. Tennyson treats the kindred subject in exactly the opposite manner. Instead of the things which excite thoughts we have the thoughts which things produce. The action of the mind is there, without the causes of action. If we may venture for the sake of illustration to separate the two, we have the mental without the material—the image without the object reflected, and yet the effect is as perfect in the one as in the other, though in Hood's poem much more perceptible; take for instance the first stanza,—

> "Life and Thought have gone away
> Side by side,
> Leaving door and windows wide:
> Careless tenants they!"

What more could have been said though a hundred stanzas had been written? What more do we need to know? It is not the picture we wish to see for its own sake, but for the impression it makes upon our minds! What interest have the gray crumbling ruins of the ancient castle for us, except in the associations that belong to them—the thoughts they create. Here as elsewhere the ideal underlies the real, and gives it true interest. We feel no sympathy with material ruins themselves, but only with the "life and thought" which have gone away; and this idea once realized, what is there more to do but to turn from the crumbling wall and say with Tennyson—

> "Come away, for Life and Thought
> Here no longer dwell;
> But in a city glorious—
> A great and distant city—have bought
> A mansion incorruptible.
> Would they could have stay'd with us!"

For the way in which our poet mingles sadness with joy, generally making the former the sequence to the latter, we take a few stanzas from "The May Queen" and its continuations "The New-Year's Eve" and "The Conclusion." Look at the picture of light-hearted happiness in the beautiful joyous girl who has been chosen from her companions to be the May Queen of the rustic fête,—

"I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds, and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen 'o the May."

How pretty the coquetry with which in the heyday of her triumph she treats her lover—

"As I came up the valley whom think ye should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday,—
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May."

How lovely the leaning of her innocent nature to the beautiful which wreathes sweet flowers round her imagination as she binds garlands round her head.

"The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint, sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May."

Then when the summer and its May glories has flown and chill winter reigns, and the old year is dying out to make way for the new, the May Queen lies on her sick-bed and speaks again. How altered the strain, yet how wonderfully preserved the unity of the individual.

"If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year,
It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mould, and think no more of me."

She still loves the sweet flowers, but with what a chastened, altered love—a love no longer associated with the saucy flush of health.

"There's not a flower on all the hills: the frost is on the pane:
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again:
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high:
I long to see a flower so before the day I die."

And then comes the conclusion. The May Queen who loves the flowers so earnestly does live till the flowers come again,—

"Oh! sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go."

How touching to the thought of the dying girl, how holy the kind consideration now that strength has faded away with the flush of conquest, for that same lover whom in her brighter but scarcely happier moments she treated so coquettishly. How sacred seems the transition from the sensuous beauty, with lovers at her feet, to the chastened invalid welcoming death as a bridegroom,—

"And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret;
There's many worthier than I, would make him happy yet.
If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his wife;
But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life."

Our space compels us reluctantly to pass over "St. Simeon Stylites," in which we see painted by the hand of genius, the ambitious hopes and the besetting fears—the debasement and degradation of self, with the love of the worship of others—the mingled certainty and doubt which throng through the mind of the fanatic who seeks to gain a crown of glory, not by elevating and making happy others, but by mortifying, torturing, and debasing his own humanity.

We cull a few extracts from another poem embodying perhaps more than any other the metaphysical philosophy of Tennyson. The poem to which we refer, "The Two Voices," represents a man's own nature divided against itself. The evil voice making life dark and counselling self-destruction; the good voice whispering hope and comfort, and painting much of joy and brightness amid the despair and darkness of the world. How subtilely the dark spirit counsels suicide,—

"A still small voice spake unto me,
'Thou art so full of misery,
Were it not better not to be?'"

How artfully it insinuates the possible inferiority of man to other beings who may exist—

"This truth within thy mind rehearse,
That in a boundless universe
Is boundless better, boundless worse."

With what emphatic briefness it points to the presumed annihilation of Death as the "Sov'reign cure" for all,—

"Go, vexed Spirit, sleep in trust;
The right ear, that is fill'd with dust,
Hears little of the false or just."

How triumphantly the good voice points to examples of the great and good of all ages who, defying trouble—

"—— rowing hard against the stream,
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,
And did not dream it was a dream;
But heard by secret transport led,
Even in the charnels of the dead,
The murmur of the fountain head—"

And goes on to express the fear which Shakspeare makes Hamlet express as a reason for not casting off mortality—

"I said, 'I toil beneath the curse,
But, knowing not the universe,
I fear to slide from bad to worse.
'And that, in seeking to undo
One riddle and to find the true
I knit a hundred others new.'"

The darkness of a pre-existence as well as of an after immortality seems to form a part of Tennyson's creed; for the good voice, replying to the argument that a beginning implies an ending, says—

"Yet how should I for certain hold,
Because my memory is so cold,
That I first was in human mould?"

The doctrine of the metempsychosis he does not deem unworthy of a thought—as he philosophically puts it,—

"It may be that no life is found,
Which only to one engine bound
Falls off, but cycles always round."

And at last hope proves stronger than fear, as it always will in the lives of men, and the uncertain light of argument fades before the mystic thoughts it conjures up.

"Moreover, something is or seems,
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—
Like an Æolian harp, that wakes
No certain air, but overtakes
Far thought with music that it makes."

And last and above all, the recognition of power and goodness, and the capacity for them in humanity prevails.

"So variously seem'd all things wrought,
I marvell'd how the mind was brought
To anchor by one gloomy thought;
And wherefore rather I made choice
To commune with that barren voice,
Than him that said, 'Rejoice! Rejoice!'"

From "Bentley's Miscellany."

MY VOLUNTEER TROOP IN KAFIRLAND.

Another Kafir war has burst upon the Cape Colony. How very faint are our ideas of the horrors of such an event when we read the records of it, comfortably ensconced in our easy chairs by "our ain firesides." It is true that we shudder a little at the idea of a village full of peaceful inhabitants, quietly sitting down to their Christmas dinners, being suddenly attacked by hundreds or thousands of armed savages, barbarously murdered, and their habitations committed to the flames. We are conscious of a slight glow of indignation when we hear of our brave soldiers waylaid and overpowered, and left naked, bleeding, and ghastly corpses in the highway. Our pulse throbs with anxiety as we read of the brave old General Sir Harry Smith, the hero of Aliwal and a dozen other well-fought fields, surrounded by hordes of these faithless and bloodthirsty fiends, and escaping, as it were, by a hair's breadth from their clutches, and from a fearful and ignominious death. But after all, our feelings are not much more harrowed by all these details than perchance by a well-acted tragedy on the boards of Drury Lane Theatre, or the Haymarket, or some heart-rending melodrama at the Surrey or the Porte Saint Martin. The comfortable sensation of our own security in old England (notwithstanding the warnings of Sir Francis Head) is a powerful antidote against the otherwise too violent dose of horrors we might have to swallow. Nay, so thoroughly do we maintain our character as "a nation of shopkeepers," that our very first impulse is not that of horror at the atrocities committed, or pity for the innocent and the brave exposed to them, or indignation at the perpetrators, or fear for the safety of our colony; but a "pretty considerable" anxiety as to who is to pay the expense of thrashing the Kafirs! Imagine, good reader, the Arabs attacking the French colonists in Algeria, and some Cobdenite Member of the National Assembly in Paris getting up to "protest" against the nation paying the expense of punishing the insurgents! Do you think there is an insurance-office in Europe that would insure that wretched individual's existence for two days?

But I must not begin political allusions of any kind, for they are apt to make men very ill-tempered and very disagreeable companions, while my object is to entertain the reader with a few of my personal reminiscences "touching the Kafirs," and with a veracious history of the deeds of my own volunteer troop in the former Kafir war.

I was living in a peaceful, quiet, thriving little seaport in the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony, when we were all startled from our usual monotonous state of existence by the news that the Kafirs were in arms, and had sent messages of defiance to the governor. Now, as these turbulent gentry can bring from thirty to fifty thousand armed men into the field, (most of them armed, too, with good long guns,) and as the whole of our military force on the frontier was probably something short of one thousand, it may easily be conceived that the news I have mentioned was heard with any thing but indifference. To form any thing like an adequate conception of our feelings on the occasion the reader has only to fancy himself in a quiet country town with his wife and his olive-branches around him, and a breathless messenger rushing into the room to inform him that the combined armies of France, Austria, and Russia are safely landed hard-by, and marching on with fire and sword to his dwelling, vowing to spare neither sex nor age. To say that we instantly rose *en masse* to defend ourselves would be no proof of our heroism, but only an evidence of the instinctive feeling of self-preservation. It was a case of fighting or dying, and, like heroes and men, we chose the former.

Every body was to be a soldier. Every double-barrelled fowling-piece became an implement of war; decrepit blunderbusses were furbished up to shoot Kafirs, or their own possessors, (which seemed as likely;) stores were ransacked for arms of all descriptions; every man began casting bullets with any piece of lead he could lay hands on; some even hinted at turning the gutters of their roofs to such purposes; while a man who had a sword was such an envied mortal that he was in daily and hourly fear of being robbed of his treasure. All eyes were immediately turned to "the fort," where four or five scaly old guns poked their noses out and looked fiercely down on to the town. It was our only fortification, our sole place of refuge. Judge, then, of our consternation on learning that the man who should venture to fire one of those guns would certainly be sent higher into the air than the whole Kafir nation could blow him; while the fort itself would inevitably tumble to pieces and come rattling about our ears in the town.

Now, it must be confessed, that though all this may look very ludicrous, we were far from seeing the joke of it at the time. I can positively declare that we took a very lugubrious view of the subject, and uttered rather strong imprecations on "the authorities" for taking no better care of "our national defences."

It is true there was the sea left us; but, alas! there were but four or five little coasting vessels at hand, and our town contained three or four thousand inhabitants. There was no hope of escape. I repeat, we had nothing to do but to fight or die!

We immediately began to form ourselves into companies or troops of volunteers, and to choose our officers from among ourselves. One troop, mounted and armed with double-barrelled guns, conferred the honor of being their captain on me. And I don't mind telling the reader that I felt very proud of it, and fancied myself already an embryo hero. The only thing we called on Government to supply us with was ammunition. Every day I led my troop into a valley hard by the town, and drilled them with the pertinacity of a serjeant of Life Guards. Where I learnt the art myself is my own secret, and I am not going to divulge it, especially as the reader knows nothing of me or my previous occupations. Then we used to practise firing at a mark—a great white board, whereon was drawn with black chalk the figure of an imaginary Kafir. I must confess I was rather disheartened, the first day of drill and practice, at seeing only one shot within the outlines of the Kafir; and I began to fear that my troop would be less formidable in the field than it was desirable it should be. However, we improved day by day till after a week's practice our imaginary Kafir looked considerably riddled. Then there was the drilling! How shall I ever describe its ludicrous scenes? Fifty men of all sizes are mounted on fifty horses or ponies of equally various dimensions.

There is a fat, greasy-looking man who rides a low punchy little gray pony, with a remarkably lively little tail; and whenever the order is given to "fire," the punchy little gray bobs down his head, elevates his heels, and pitches the fat man on to the grass over his head. That man never will ride. There is a little, weazen-faced tailor mounted on a high, long-legged, rawboned brute that takes him wherever it pleases, and at the same moment that the stout gentleman is seen sprawling on the ground, the little tailor on his tall Rosinante is galloping wildly across the country, and is never heard off till tea-time the same evening, when he drops in at home and tells his wife big stories about his martial deeds. There is that highly respectable man in the green wide-awake, and the perverse pair of trowsers that will work up to his knees, who is a steady, persevering fellow at his drill; but who has a remarkable tendency to take his right hand for his left, and when ordered to face to the former invariably twists to the latter, and thereby comes into violent collision with his neighbor, to the occasional upsetting of both. There is a mild, gentlemanly-looking, middle-aged man, with a new double-barrelled gun, and mounted on a decently-groomed animal, who, if not a very soldier-like figure, will at all events pass muster; but has an awkward habit of forgetting the difference between ball-cartridges and blank ones, whereby he occasionally sends a bullet whizzing over his captain's head, which he misses only through a tendency he has to fire high. There is the "tall man" of the troop, who rides a "jibber;" and when ordered to "charge" is generally seen backing like an equestrian at Astley's retiring from the ring, but driving his spurless heels frantically into the brute's sides to make him go forward, while the more he labors the more his animal won't do it.

Notwithstanding these little drawbacks, however, my troop was voted the "crack" one of the place. Some of us—most of us, indeed—could both ride and shoot well, and began to be anxious to try the effects of our bullets on the thick skulls of the Kafirs. When, therefore, it was suggested, though not absolutely commanded, that one of the troops raised in our town had better advance towards the frontier, we forthwith volunteered to do so.

Five or six ox-wagons were prepared to carry our commissariat and ammunition, our horses were saddled, our farewells (with many a heartache) exchanged, and one fine morning we marched forward "to conquer or to die." Perhaps it would be difficult to conceive a more disagreeable duty than that which we had to perform—to fight against savages, with the certainty of the most horrible deaths if we fell into their hands, and no "glory" if we thrashed them instead. What glory could be gained by fighting hordes of barbarians? What military renown could await a lot of burghers, battling for their own lives? What gazettes or promotions could be in store for a set of half-armed civilians, sallying forth to protect their homes and their property? Still, we went forward with a firm determination to be heroes at all hazards.

Our first day's march was about thirty miles, to Sundny's river, on the banks of which we pitched our camp. After I had taken all due precautions to fortify our position as well as our rough means and small experience would enable me; after having duly posted the pickets and "made all snug," as the sailors say, I retired to my tent to cogitate over the strange course of events which had turned me into a hybrid captain of a troop of burghers on the plains of South Africa.

I was aroused from my reverie by the entrance of my sergeant. The good man (who was a cooper by trade) gave me the military salute, and proceeded—

"If you please, captain, I have to report private Brooks."

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Why, you see, captain, (another military salute—we were very *au fait* at these minor "dandyisms" of our new profession)—"you see, sir, I posted him on guard at the turn of the river yonder, where the bush joins it; and says he, 'Do you mean to say as how I'm to walk up and down this cursed place for two hours with my gun?'—'Of course you are,' says I; 'it's the captain's orders.'—'Then,' says he, 'I'll just tell you what it is, *I'll see you d—d first.*'"

This was the first specimen I had of the perfection of our state of military discipline, and I had great trouble to refrain from bursting out laughing. But, assuming a stern look, I said—

"Place him under arrest and wait my orders."

"Begging your pardon, captain, that's just what he wants—there's a good fire that he wants to get nigh."

"Oh, that's it, is it? Then tie him to one of the wagons, away from the fire, and stop his rations till he's willing to return to duty."

The sergeant seemed to think I was a genius for hitting on such a plan, and I may as well declare, that I always found it the most efficacious method of quelling turbulent spirits, stopping the supplies. Private Brooks behaved like a trump ever afterwards.

Next morning we marched forwards again, approaching the Addo Bush, which is a dense forest, extending miles in every direction, and with only one wagon road through it. It is always full of something horrible, both in peace and war, if you believe the reports of a couple of roadside innkeepers who live on the borders of it, and express the greatest anxiety for the personal safety of any visitors who think of quitting their hospitable roofs to penetrate its depths. For my own part, the number of times I have been about to be torn to pieces by lions, trampled to death by elephants, eaten by tigers, and chased by hyenas in that bush (according to the warnings of those same innkeepers) makes me look upon myself as a rival of Van Amburgh, so often have I escaped the jaws of wild beasts. On the present occasion, of course, it was full of Kafirs enough to dine on my troop—men, horses, wagons, and oxen—without suffering the slightest indigestion from a surfeit. On we proceeded notwithstanding these gloomy assurances; and although we fired at one or two blackened stumps of trees, seen from the distance through the leaves; although we charged in pursuit of a black bullock, and nearly murdered a wandering Fingo herdsman, we did not fall in with a single Kafir.

Three further days' march brought us to Graham's Town, the head-quarters of the frontier. We marched into the town a very dirty, tired, sleepy, unshaven, and wretched-looking set; yet we felt ourselves heroes, and flattered ourselves that many fair eyes looked on us as such.

I am not going to trouble the reader with our doings for the next three days in "mute, inglorious" peace. On the fourth day we were ordered to proceed to a certain spot, known as Trompetter's Drift,—"drift" meaning, in the language of the colony, a "ford," where we were to remain until joined by other forces. On looking at the map, and taking a careful view of the position we were to occupy, I became convinced that we were about to have all our *soldier-like* qualities called into play: for a more diabolical spot, one better adapted for Kafirs to surround even the most vigilant of volunteer captains, to hem in his troop, eat them up, (as they call it,) and utterly annihilate them, I never saw. Moreover, the bush around it was reported to be full of Kafirs, and for that very reason *my* troop was sent to look for them; because, in fact, we were looked upon as a set of regular fire-eating devils!

We marched forward again. Our destination lay only about thirty or forty miles from the town; but I made a two days' march of it, because I judged it imprudent to put my neck into such a place of jeopardy, for the first time, after dark. On the second day we reached the "Drift," which was a ford on a branch of the Great Fish River. I must explain, however, to the reader, who may be ignorant of the peculiarities of South Africa, that many of the beds of rivers there are quite dry. Such was the case with this one; so that there was merely a "blind river," or ravine, where there should have been a noble stream. Crossing this blind river, I led my men to an open space beyond it, according to the wise instructions I had received from the powers that were. Here we prepared to encamp. To fortify such a position effectually was almost impossible, but I did my best. Before us lay a dense, impenetrable bush, which may be said to have occupied two sides of the triangle on which we were placed, the third side being the deep bed of the blind river before mentioned.

We were careful enough about our sentries all night, I can assure the reader. As for myself, I was riding or walking from one post to another nearly the whole of the time. Not a sound disturbed us, however; not the faintest hint that a Kafir was in the dark, black-looking bush beyond us.

In the morning, some of the party began

to look out for game, and to fancy a hare or a partridge or two might not be an unpleasant variation of our daily fare. Every thing around us bore such an air of peace and quietude that the most nervous began to feel confidence and to talk valiantly.

About ten o'clock, a strange sound is heard. Some of our party are seen flying towards the camp as fast as their legs will carry them. As they approach they shout "Kafirs!" Nervous men shake, brave men are taken by surprise, cowards drop their jaws and look like Mr. Manning about to be hanged. "Where? where?" is the next cry. "Everywhere!" is the answer.

"Saddle and mount!" cries the captain, most unnecessarily, for every man does it instinctively.

I gallop to one point of the triangle, and I see the dark skins and woolly heads of the Kafirs, their long guns on their slender assagais, peeping through the bush in all directions, and advancing towards us. I dash across to the opposite point, and I see the same thing. I look to the blind river, and I see our dark enemies pouring down it as rapidly as the stream of water that of old flowed in it. We are about fifty or sixty; our opponents seem to be hundreds or thousands.

Meantime every man is mounting in "hot haste," and, to my intense horror, galloping for his life towards the Drift, in full retreat! I shout to them; I rave, I threaten, I curse; but fear, the most imminent and deadly fear has seized them all, (save a very few choice spirits,) and they heed nothing but the frantic hope of saving their lives by their horses' heels. I am well mounted; I dash to the ford and cry "Halt," and plant myself in the way to stop them. I do not wish to remain on the triangular spot, but I wish to maintain my ground on the other side, where the Kafirs cannot surround us. It is all of no avail. "*Sauve qui peut!*" is the cry,—or the idea; and I was about as much *Captain* of my burgher troop, then, as of the body-guard of the Emperor of Russia.

Away we go, then, as fast as our horses can carry us. Mercy on him!—the fat man has been pitched off the gray cob with the lively tail, and is roaring, with drooping jaw, for help. Another gives him a hand up, and he gallops away, riding double behind his comrade. Three or four have flung away their guns with their valor. The little tailor leads the van. His horse has the lightest weight and the longest legs. Behind many a bush a Kafir head peers for a moment, when a flying shot or two makes it drive out of sight. But they are the braver ones of the party who think of firing at all: with most the idea of such a thing would be madness; they are running for their own lives, and have not the smallest thought about those of their enemies.

History records that some of my gallant troop could hardly summon up courage to draw bridle when, after galloping for forty miles, they found themselves again in Graham's Town. It also declares that the largest party that arrived together was three! When any horseman was seen approaching the town at a rapid pace for a day or two afterwards it was suggested that it was one of "the troop." As for myself, I went straight to the officer in command and reported the whole of the affair from beginning to end with a minuteness and accuracy worthy of the exalted subject. I was received with chilling coldness, heard with dumb surprise, and at the end of my narrative attacked with a tirade of invective which I only wish I could put into print as a specimen of military eloquence. I believe that I was to be tried by court-martial and shot, at the very least. My gallant troop were to be put in irons as deserters; and to wind up the whole, our retreat was pronounced "the most cowardly thing which had disgraced the *British Army* since the affair of Bergen-op-Zoom!"

Thus ended, good reader, the services of my "crack" volunteer troop! Every one of them (bad luck to them!) is a marked man to this day; except the captain (ahem!) who succeeded in clearing his character eventually by deeds which —— but, no; he makes you his very humble obeisance.

VULGARITY of manners may co-exist with a polished mind, and urbanity with a vulgar one; the union of both constitutes the gentleman, whatever may be the grade in which it is found.

WHEN we seem to blame ourselves, we mean only to extort praise.

From "Punch."

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN (EX) UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

MRS. JONES (*late* MISS MARTHA STRUGGLES) *receives a Census Paper, and has difficulties in respect of it.*

Time.—Saturday, March 29.

MR. JONES *is away from home, on business.* MRS. JONES *has been left for a week to struggle with her loneliness, a sense of the horrors of Papal Aggression and the approaching Exhibition of all Nations, a flighty Housemaid, and a Cook of violent temper.*

SCENE.—*The Front Parlor, Great Coram Street. The* EX-UNPROTECTED *discovered at her solitary meal. It is raining.*

Ex-Unprotected Female (*in a damp and dreary frame of mind.*) How it pours! I hope JONES is not out in it. He never *will* put his feet in hot water, on his journeys. He says it does him more good to put the hot water into his mouth, instead, with a little brandy and sugar. Uh! I'm sure he's getting fond of spirits. (*Reverts by a well-known law in the association of ideas, from* MR. JONES'S "*hot with*," *to the* "*cold without.*") Oh, dear! how it's raining to be sure. They say that Crystal Palace is quite full of water—and no wonder, I'm sure; and very glad I am of it. With their CARDINAL WISEMANS and GAVAZZIS—a parcel of foreigners! And, mercy only knows what revolutions they mayn't have, when they all come over here, and clubs and things. I'm sure it's dreadful. (*A smart knock is heard; a cross between the rat-tat of the Postman and the rat-a-tat-tat of a visitor.*) Oh! what's that?—only a knock. But one's so nervous. JONES *shall* stay at home all this summer; and if he loses his situation I'm not a-going to be left alone with the foreigners and people—and so I'll tell him. (*A colloquy is heard in the passage.*) There's that MARY a-gossiping as usual. The baker, I suppose; or the greengrocer's young man from round the corner, about the firewood.

[*Enter* MARY (*the flighty Housemaid*) *with a Paper in her hand, and some excitement in her manner.* MISS MARY *is a good deal prettier than a housemaid has any right to be, even if not flighty.*

MARY—how often have I told you not to stay gossiping with people at the door?

Mary (*putting herself, morally, into an attitude of self-defence.*) Please, M', I were *not* a gossipin'! It's a man with the Censers.

Ex-Unprotected Female (*whose mind is acutely alive to the encroachments of the Papal power.*) The Censers! Oh! Goodness gracious me! Bringing Censers to my house! They'll bring the incense next, and the white veil, I suppose, and ask one to go into a Nunnery—the wretches! When they know I can't abear MR. BENNETT and the Puseyites, let alone the Cardinals and the Monks, and that BISHOP OF CLIFTON, (*with fervor.*) Tell the man to take 'em away, this minute, and say I'm surprised at his impudence.

Mary (*much impressed by her mistress's excitement.*) Please M', I said we didn't want any; and was ordered never to take in no papers at the door.

Ex-Unprotected Female (*horrified.*) Papers! Oh!—I suppose they're some horrid Popish tracts.

Mary. Pertikly not, when to be called for.

Ex-Unprotected Female (*in bitter apprehension.*) Then he's coming back again, is he! But you didn't take 'em in?

Mary. Please M', he said it was the law, and I must, or we'll all be had up afore the justices. There's the paper, M'.

Ex-Unprotected Female (*taking it under a vague impression that* CARDINAL WISEMAN *has triumphed, and that the* POPE'S *guard are distributing instruments of superstition and confessions of faith.*) Good Gracious! (*Reads superscription.*) "Census of the Population"—(*much relieved.*) Oh, you stupid girl!—why, it's the Census!

Mary (*doggedly re-inserting the* "*rs.*") Yes, M', I said it was the Censers.

Ex-Unprotected Female. Don't be saucy, MARY; I beg you won't. It's the Census I tell you; that is—(*rather puzzled for a definition*)—it's intended—(*catching at the Registrar-General's information*)—"to show the number of the population—their arrangement by ages and families, in different ranks, professions, employments, and trades; their distribution over the country, in villages, towns, and cities; their increase and progress in the last ten years." (*Taking breath.*) Yes, that's what it is, MARY (*triumphantly*)—and a very good thing, too.

Mary (*saucily.*) I don't see what business

any body's got with other people's ages and families, and such like.

Ex-Unprotected Female (*who has been turning over the document in some bewilderment with the General Instructions, and Examples, and Directions.*) How dare you talk so, you impudent thing! It's the Government.

Mary (*with redoubled sauciness.*) If it was the QUEEN, M', I don't think she's any business to ask all them questions, M'.

Ex-Unprotected Female. Oh, MARY—how dare you? Take away the things, do—this minute.

Mary. Yes, M'.

[*Takes away the things, and Exit.*

Ex-Unprotected Female (*settling herself down seriously to grapple with the Census Paper.*) Now, then, let me see. I'm glad JONES will have to fill it, for it seems rather difficult from all these instructions. Eh? (*Reads.*) "This paper will be called for on Monday, March 31st, by the appointed officer." Oh, dear! then JONES won't be back in time—and whoever's to fill it up if JONES isn't here? (*Reads again.*) "You are requested to insert the particulars specified on the other page, respecting all the persons who slept or abode in your house on the night of March 30th." That's to-morrow—and JONES won't be back for a week! Oh, dear, dear, how provoking!

Let's see. (*Reads.*) "Name and Surname—no person absent on the night of March 30th to be entered." Then JONES won't be entered—not entered in his own house! (*Goes on bitterly.*) "Write after the name of the Head of the Family, the name of his Wife—" But I ain't to write the name of the Head of the Family—I thought—because he don't sleep here. Oh! why *will* they? They really ought to explain. "Write the name of his Wife"—MARTHA STRUGGLES is my name. "Children and others of the same surname—" (*Pauses, overwhelmed by the vision of* JONESES *that rises before her.*) Oh dear—others bearing the surname of JONES—why, there's ten pages of 'em in the *Post-Office Directory!* What's this column? (*Reads again.*) "Relation to Head of Family." But I haven't to put Head of Family down at all—if he doesn't sleep here. (*Reads, in increasing perplexity.*) "State whether wife, son, daughter, or other relative." Whose wife, I should like to know, If I musn't mention JONES because he doesn't sleep at home that night? "Other relations." Goodness! me—how am I to know all the man's relations—it's a Welsh family, and they're all related to each other there. (*Reads again, in a state bordering on despair.*) "Deaf and dumb, or blind; write 'deaf and dumb,' or 'blind,' opposite the name of the person." Dear me! There's nobody here deaf and dumb, or blind; so how can I write such things, when they say I'm to be fined £5 if I don't write the truth, and have to go before the justices, and perhaps be sent to the station-house, or somewhere—for perjury?—And then, there are the servants! I do declare I'm afraid to ask that COOK—she flies out so—and MARY will be giving me some of her impertinence. At all events I'd better prepare them for it. (*Rings the bell nervously, and resumes her consideration of the Papers.*) Fifteen places for people's names? I wonder why they put in fifteen, and not ten, or twelve, or twenty? And I wonder what they want it all for, the Government. I'm sure, except for the Taxes, and such bothering things as this, we don't see much of the Government.

Enter MARY, *who bobs defiance.*

Mary. Did you ring, M'?

Ex-Unprotected Female. Send up COOK—(MARY *is going*)—and come yourself—MARY—I've something very serious to say to you.

Mary (*aside.*) I s'pose she's agoing to knag us about somethin' or other, the old ——.

Re-enter MARY, *with* COOK, *very red in the face, and with a tendency to avail herself of the support of neighboring pieces of furniture.*

Ex-Unprotected Female (*with mingled emotion and dignity.*) Oh—I've sent for you, MARY, and COOK, about this paper. We've all got to answer the questions the Government asks us in it.

Cook (*laboring under an intense hatred of Centralization.*) And what business has the Government a comin' leavin' papers here for, I'd like to know? I'd like to catch the Government a coming down the area-steps, I would—or into my kitching. I'd pin a dish-cloth to the Government's tail, I would. There! (*Snorts defiance, and grasps an armchair in her emotion.*)

Ex-Unprotected Female (*with stern dignity.*) COOK, it's awful to hear you use such language of the Government. Now, attend to

me, both of you, and answer my questions. (*Takes a pen. To* COOK, *who radiates defiance and obstructiveness.*) Your name is SARAH SOAKER.

Cook (*with malignant triumph.*) No, Mum —it ain't no such thing.

Ex-Unprotected Female (*alarmed.*) Why, that's the name I hired you by.

Cook (*with diabolical glee.*) But it ain't my name as I was baptized by—and what that is, nobody knows, as I don't wish it—wich it isn't the Government, nor you neither, Ma'am. It's mean in the Government to come prying into families—its shabby in 'em—and they'd better ask how much drippin' goes into the pantry—perhaps you'll put that down for 'em.

Ex-Unprotected Female (*in a tone of conviction.*) SARAH SOAKER, you're in liquor—don't go to deny it. MARY BRIGGS. Your condition, if you please? As for that woman's condition, it's Gin—she smells quite strong of it. (*Examining from paper.*) "Married, Widower, Widow, or Unmarried?" MARY BRIGGS, I insist on your answering, or I shall be fined £5.

Mary Briggs (*pursing her lips and flushing.*) Shan't then—if it was £50.

Ex-Unprotected Female (*with solemnity.*) MARY BRIGGS—if you don't answer the question I shall suspect the worst. You ain't married, MARY BRIGGS?

Mary Briggs (*with all the pride of her sex.*) Well, M', and if I was, I hope a poor servant may go and get married.

Ex-Unprotected Female (*with a horrid light breaking in on her.*) Goodness gracious! oh dear! That soldier—I do—believe —oh, MARY BRIGGS—(MARY *endeavors to bear up, but quails under* MRS. JONES'S *eye.*) But how do I know what's true, and what isn't? And how ever is one to fill it up, if one don't even know one's own servants' names and conditions? And no Head of the Family at home—and obliged to put oneself down as a wife, without saying whose wife, and to put deaf and dumb, or blind, after one's name, whether one is or not; and to be fined £5, if it isn't true; and to have to tell one's age, and find out other females' ages. Oh, dear! oh dear! I never shall—I'm sure I shall have to go before the Justices!

[MARY *and* COOK *triumph in her agony.*

The Curtain falls on her despair.

ON MY OWN MINIATURE PICTURE,

Taken at two years of age.

BY SOUTHEY.

AND I was once like this! that glowing cheek
Was mine, those pleasure-sparkling eyes; that brow
Smooth as the level lake, when not a breeze
Dies o'er the sleeping surface!... Twenty years
Have wrought strange alteration! Of the friends
Who once so dearly prized this minature,
And loved it for its likeness, some are gone
To their last home; and some, estranged in heart,
Beholding me, with quick-averted glance
Pass on the other side! But still these hues
Remain unalter'd, and these features wear
The look of Infancy and Innocence.
I search myself in vain, and find no trace
Of what I was: those lightly arching lines
Dark and o'erhanging now; and that sweet face
Settled in these strong lineaments... There were
Who form'd high hopes and flattering ones of thee,
Young Robert! for thine eye was quick to speak
Each opening feeling: should they not have known
If the rich rainbow on the morning cloud
Reflects its radiant dyes, the husbandman
Beholds the ominous glory, and foresees
Impending storms!... They augur'd happily,
That thou didst love each wild and wond'rous tale
Of faery fiction, and thine infant tongue
Lisp'd with delight the godlike deeds of Greece
And rising Rome; therefore they deem'd, forsooth,
That thou shouldst tread PREFERMENT'S pleasant path.
Ill-judging ones! they let thy little feet
Stray in the pleasant paths of POESY,
And when thou shouldst have press'd amid the crowd,
There didst thou love to linger out the day,
Loitering beneath the laurel's barren shade.
Spirit of Spenser! was the wanderer wrong?

THE FIRESIDE.

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

I HAVE tasted all life's pleasures, I have snatch'd at all its joys,
The dance's merry measures and the revel's festive noise;
Though wit flash'd bright the live-long night, and flow'd the ruby tide,
I sigh'd for thee, I sigh'd for thee, my own fireside!

In boyhood's dreams I wander'd far, across the ocean's breast,
In search of some bright earthly star, some happy isle of rest;
I little thought the bliss I sought in roaming far and wide,
Was sweetly centred all in thee, my own fireside!

How sweet to turn at evening's close from all our cares away,
And end in calm, serene repose, the swiftly passing day!
The pleasant books, the smiling looks of sister or of bride,
All fairy ground doth make around one's own fireside!

"My Lord" would never condescend to honor my poor hearth;
"His Grace" would scorn a host or friend of mere plebeian birth;
And yet the lords of human kind, whom man has deified,
For ever meet in converse sweet around my fireside!

The poet sings his deathless songs, the sage his lore repeats,
The patriot tells his country's wrongs, the chief his warlike feats:
Though far away may be their clay, and gone their earthly pride,
Each godlike mind in books enshrined still haunts my fireside.

Oh! let me glance a moment through the coming crowd of years,
Their triumphs or their failures, their sunshine or their tears,
How poor or great may be my fate, I care not what betide,
So peace and love but hallow thee, my own fireside!

Still let me hold the vision close, and closer to my sight;
Still, still in hopes elysian, let my spirit wing its flight;
Still let me dream, life's shadowy stream may yield from out its tide,
A mind at rest, a tranquil breast, a quiet fireside!

From Dickens' "Household Words."

THE TWO ROADS.

It was New Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes towards the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating like white lilies on the surface of a clear calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more hopeless beings than himself now moved towards their certain goal—the tomb. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort. The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment, when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked towards the sky, and cried out in his agony:—"O youth return! O my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!"

But the days of his youth, and his father had both passed away. He saw wandering lights floating far away over dark marshes, and then disappear—these were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven and vanish in darkness. This was an emblem of himself; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck home to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now happy and honored on this New Year's night. The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up on his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look towards that heaven where his father dwelt; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! come back!"

And his youth *did* return; for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his faults alone were real. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own, that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land, where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years are passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain—"O youth, return! O give me back my early days!"

As humility regulates the interior, so modesty disciplines the exterior.

NOTABILIA.

ORIGIN OF QUARRELS.

The sweetest, the most clinging affection is often shaken by the slightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate rings and tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blooms in summer. An unkind word from one beloved often draws blood from many a heart which would defy the battle-axe of hatred, or the keenest edge of vindictive satire. Nay, the shade, the gloom of the face familiar and dear awakens grief and pain. These, in the elegant words of the preacher Seed, are the little thorns which, though men of rougher form may make their way through them without feeling much, extremely incommode persons of a more refined turn in their journey through life, and make their travelling irksome and unpleasant. Oh, how careful ought we to be not to darken over and mutilate the sweet images of hope, and joy, and peace, that might gild the current of our own, and of our companion's life, by suffering these spots to mingle with them,—these shadows of upas leaves to be reflected in the stream! Of all cruel words and deeds, the word or the deed that would darken *hope* is the most cruel. Upon old Latin models we see Hope delineated in the act of *drawing back her garment, that her footsteps may not be impeded;* and it is also worth remarking, that she is always drawn in the *attitude of motion,*—she is always advancing. Sweet traveller! who would have the heart to stop thee, albeit, in this world thou wilt never find the garden to which thou art journeying! Go on, with thy flower in thy hand, and may the blessing of God go with thee! —*Fraser's Magazine.*

STEAMBOAT BUILDING IN THE UNITED STATES.

The annual report of commerce and navigation gives the following aggregate of the number of steamboats built in the United States since 1824, twenty-five years, in periods of five years each:—From 1824 to 1829, 194; from 1829 to 1834, 304; from 1834 to 1839, 504; from 1839 to 1844, 522; from 1844 to 1849, 969; total, 2492. Two-thirds of these are built in the West, one-sixth of them in Ohio. The largest number of steamers built at one place are built in Pittsburg and its neighborhood.—*New-York Paper.*

To decline all advice, unless the example of the giver confirms his precepts, would be about as sapient as if a traveller were to refuse to follow the directions of a finger-post, unless it drew its one leg out of the ground, or, rather, hopped after its own finger.

By reading we enjoy the dead, by conversation the living, and by contemplation ourselves.

CHRONICLE OF THE WEEK.

The week of anniversaries and of Jenny has come in. The streets are—on such spring days, as are vouchsafed us—filled with the prettiest of the townspeople, and the rubicund faces of country growth.

It is an odd fact, by the way, and worthy of more serious mention than we can give to it now, that the old superiority of country ladies to those of cities, on the score of bloom and health, is fast going by. Thin slippers have found their way, it would seem, to country towns, and accord with infinitely less propriety with the mud of a provincial march than with the dampness of one upon Broadway. Through all the cold of a northern winter, moreover, the country lady finds little opportunity for such promenades, as the swept *trottoirs* of a city will furnish; riding, too—if it were as satisfactory on the score of health—can hardly be practised in such snow as tramples into a two-months' sleighing. The result is, that May-day is very apt to find the small-town beauty of America as pale and ball-looking as the most intrepid adventuress upon city gas-lights.

How this matter will mend itself,—or if we have not been, by the very mention, treading unwittingly on the dainty toes (may Heaven bless their owners!) of some coun-

try lass—we know not. That there is room for mending we must say, and—on this topic—it is all we set out to say.

—— New York is fast growing into that kind of Gutta-Percha capacity, which has so long distinguished London. There seems no filling it; setting aside the Fair—which is a novel experience. London seems never in need of depletion; at least there seems room enough if not work enough. Railways disgorge their thousands, and boats their thousands more, and coaches and ships their tens of thousands each day, and these all find—bed, board, and lodging. May festivities are making a country rush toward New York, and yet—where are the newcomers? They are swallowed up in the man of the town;—they are nourished for a week on the syllabub of concerts, and the strong meat of anniversaries, and then ejected, without so much as one spasmodic throe—a thousand miles inland!

We say New York is growing in this respect to be like London: for its hotels are multiplying in all the side streets and outlying nooks of the town. We are having not alone the great caravanseries which have hitherto been almost peculiar to American cities, but lesser houses, where quiet people slip through their week of visitation, in a quiet way, without eating with a thousand, or seeing their names in the journals.

An American stranger in one of the larger British cities would remark very early on his visit the absence of those huge hotels which characterize American cities; and it would be only after some weeks' acquaintance that he would discover the multitude of lesser houses—as prim and grave-looking as a private mansion—which make the inns of Great Britain.

The British are not fond of congregation, and no little of their home taste is carried with them to their town-hotel. For they are sure of privacy, and of such, and so few associates, as they desire.

So, it comes about that even the hotels have their special customers, kindred in taste and pursuit. Sporting men club together in a common coffee-room; clergymen by themselves; farmers discuss prices of grain, over a common table; and a visitor can find his country friend, by calling at the haunts of those possessed of kindred tastes.

This talk hardly seems out of the way now-a-days, when a trip to London is so much in the way.

—— While speaking of British habits, it may be worth while to quote what has been said of Americans and their manners by a certain Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, who not long since travelled through this country. We are a curiously sensitive people, and there is nothing, the public (whom it is our aim to please) are so eager to know, as what is said of them.

We give besides the extract, a period or two of comment by Mr. Willis:

"'I like the Americans more and more: either they have improved wonderfully lately, or else the criticisms on them have been cruelly exaggerated. They are particularly courteous and obliging; and seem I think amiably anxious that foreigners should carry away a favorable impression of them. As for me, let other travellers say what they please of them, I am determined not to be prejudiced, but to judge of them exactly as I find them; and I shall most pertinaciously continue to praise them, (if I see no good cause to alter my present humble opinion,) and most especially for their obliging civility and hospitable attention to strangers, of which I have already seen several instances.

"'I have witnessed but very few isolated cases, as yet, of the unrefined habits so usually ascribed to them; and those cases decidedly were not among the higher orders of people; for there seems just as much difference in America as anywhere else in some respects. The superior classes here have almost always excellent manners, and a great deal of real and natural, as well as acquired refinement, and are often besides (which perhaps will not be believed in fastidious England) extremely distinguished looking. By-the-way, the captains of the steamboats appear a remarkably gentlemanlike race of men in general, particularly courteous in their deportment, and very considerate and obliging to the passengers.'

"Lady Emmeline's own perfectly simple and unaffected manners won very much upon the liking and respect of those she came in contact with, and, indeed, we fancy it is as true of America as of every other country, that politeness and courtesy, or the lack of them, do but mirror the manners of the traveller. Another reason might be truly given, perhaps, for the shape which American manners took, under the eye of Lady Emmeline. Being, herself, singularly sincere and free from flattery, she fell in with a reaction in the public taste, which has been very strong within a year or two past. We refer to the universal disgust

that is now felt for what is commonly called *soft-soldering*, and which has been pressed into the service of trade and politics, and otherwise very much overdone in our country. A stranger who did not try this worn-out method of pleasing, but who was at the same time genial, gentle, and natural, was a charming exception, that was very sure to inspire nothing but the strongest wish to please. The distinguished traveller kept her heart open to kindly sympathy on her way, and, by some exceedingly beautiful lines which she wrote upon the death of two lovely infants, (children of a friend who hospitably entertained her, Mrs. Le Vert, of Mobile,) it is easy to see that her feelings and imagination were freshly alive to impression. We shall look with great interest for the appearance of the mouvle."

—— Since our last notice of the growing empire upon the Pacific there have been numerous arrivals, all bringing their quota of what has made California a nation—in a year. And among the good reports, and what looks toward civilization, is that of lectures occasionally delivered in the capital of the State by scientific men. We remark particularly one by Prof. Shepherd, of N. Carolina, well known as an eminent geologist, and chemist. We take from an abstract of this lecture a few facts which will, we dare say, be new to our readers :—

"He considered that there was a galvanic action constantly going on in the earth, by which metals were segregated or deposited; and he referred to several very interesting facts in support of his theory. For instance, any one may take acetate of lead and by surrounding it with a galvanic circuit, in two hours obtain pure lead.

"He had no doubt that silver, lead, and iron abounded in California. A friend of his had found silver nearly pure on the rocks near the South Pass. The best burrs for millstones were to be found in our hills. He had, however, found no indications of any large coal beds; although north of Sonoma, he had seen some coal on the surface, which was of good quality, though not in any quantity. In the same neighborhood were hot springs, nearly of blood heat. A remarkable feature of the soil near Sonoma was the high temperature. Beginning at Vallejo and going toward Sonoma, the water of the springs rises in temperature from 70 degrees to 169 degrees. At one of the hottest some Indians had scalded a pig. Near Napa, two feet below the surface the temperature was 129 degrees, too hot for the naked hand. The appearances of the bay around San Francisco, led him, (Prof. S. continued,) to believe the Indian tradition correct, that the Golden Gates were once closed up, and that there was an immense bay with its outlet at Monterey. He had himself found, on the top of the limestone ridges near Vallejo, quantities of shark's teeth, embedded in the stone and nearly perfect.

"Four days' journey northwest from Napa, is a chasm over one thousand feet deep. Looking over into the chasm you find every appearance of an immense manufacturing town; orifices discharging steam, and steam and water, at 212 degrees or boiling heat, accompanied by a tremendous hissing noise. Descending to the foot of the chasm, (said Prof. S.,) we found ourselves in a perfect Tartarus, bristling with caves and miniature volcanoes, with boiling hot springs roaring inside, and other hot springs boiling under your feet and visible through numerous fissures. Traces of sulphur abounded, and crystals lay about, enough to fill a wheelbarrow. He was told of piles of sulphur a few miles distant. There were sulphur springs, magnesia and chalybeate springs of every temperature from icy cold to boiling heat. With all this there were no volcanic appearances of any kind."

But while they are listening to scientific lectures, our Pacific neighbors have not yet so organized their penal code as to allow any thing like cold-blooded justice. We read of one poor fellow, who upon a quiet Sunday afternoon, was arraigned, tried, condemned, and himself kicked down the stool which kept him from the Californian execution.

Again, we have something exceedingly typical of judicial matters on the Pacific coast, in this racy letter from a *Placer Times* correspondent, who dates from the town Eliza. Where Eliza may be situated, we do not know, and if we should venture into those regions we should avoid a very intimate acquaintance with Eliza. But we will tell our correspondent's story.

"The day next after my arrival here I went to the Bute Mountains, when we whipped two men fifty lashes each, with a five-tail cat, for horse-stealing. After the whipping, they had twenty-four hours to leave the country in. One of them left, the other went to his hut and had some unnecessary talk; next night we went to his hut to hang him, but he had the wisdom to leave before we got there. In two or three days after that I witnessed another interesting scene: they caught one of the accomplices of the last-mentioned hombre, and took him to the bank of the river to hang

him. He made three leaps and jumped into the stream, 25 pistols were discharged without effect, and the prisoner was about to escape, when the owner of the only rifle on the ground observed very coolly, that if the company wished he could kill the man; he was ordered to fire; the ball entered the back of the man's head, and he sunk dead. Three days ago, while I was in the mountains, they hung two Chinese for killing white people. Yesterday another man was hung for murder, and a man flogged for stealing money. Curious times will yet be seen in this country; a thief has a small chance. I have seen a paper with 500 names on it, and any one and all of those men, at a moment's warning, mount their horses and go where the complainant states, and if they are satisfied that the accused is guilty, they are sure to hang him to the first tree. I think people will get honest here in due time. Judge Lynch's officers are to be found in almost every tent, and when some ——— thief advocates the cause of any of their men who have been hung, I have seen pistols drawn in a second, and the men told if they did not like it that their friends had been hung, that they would shoot them ——— quick,—and they will do it, too. There is no doubt but that every man caught and proven to be a thief, will be hung immediately."

We think this correspondent might be profitably secured for some of our city papers. He is certainly a writer of great nerve, and plentifully supplied with incident. Witness, too, the admirable coolness and moral effect with which he interpolates a sentiment:—"*I think people will get honest here in due time.*"

We hope they will.

—— Turning from California to France, we find the Paris world—now that the Opera is over—discussing the great Fair across the Channel, and reckoning the probabilities of their success in the display. Very many Parisian families had at an early day engaged quarters in London: and at present, we learn from correspondence, that no suitable family lodgings are to be found.

In Paris, on the contrary, good apartments abound; and we should not be greatly surprised to learn that very many of American visitors at the World's Fair will be glad to drop away from the whirl of the Commercial Metropolis, and eke out their Transatlantic visit in that range of palatial lodging-houses overlooking the garden of the Tuilleries.

The art-critics of the French capital are lavish in their praises of a new star in the world of song—*Mademoiselle Cruvelli*. She won her triumph upon the Parisian boards, in the Opera of Ernani: and we quote what a French critic says of her *début*, that our readers may compare the notes of admiration in Paris with the daily notes that Jenny is making here. It will serve as a bit of *toast* for our Castle-Garden *tea*:—

"The audience was prejudiced against the piece and ill disposed to be pleased, when there was seen to come forth upon the stage a young and proud *prima donna*, marked upon the forehead with that brilliant star which rivets and fascinates the beholder, even before he is able to collect his dazzled senses and render intelligible account of the impression which has been made upon him. She advanced with a quick, firm step, as if impelled by a feverish impatience to come at once into contact with that dreaded public, to attack it boldly in front, and straining it with a mighty and mortal pressure, to conquer, and force it to cry for mercy. The war-steed biting his bit before rushing into the battle would give an imperfect idea of this impetuous impatience. Life, passion, force, were bursting forth at all the pores of the young and beautiful artist. Her glance was full of fire and flame, and the public was soon convinced that this ardent soul, this energetic, impetuous and irresistible nature had in their service the most dramatic voice, of the greatest compass, the most thrilling, and of the finest tone that was ever heard in a theatre We are acquainted with voices of a marvellous equality, of an exquisite charm, of an agility that dallies delightfully with the ear, but they want that penetrating quality, that power, that lustre and purity of tone which vibrates in the soul long after the sound itself has ceased. You should have heard M'lle. Cruvelli in that fine *cavatina* of '*Ernani*,' which was really not known in Paris! What incomparable purity in the grave notes as in the sharp! What vigor in the attack, what rapidity in the transitions, what audacity, what felicity! And yet this artist is hardly twenty years of age! Never has a *debut* excited more sympathy and interest. A thrill of surprise possessed the whole assembly."

—— While mentioning successful *artistes*, and while the world is reviving its crazy admiration of Jenny, we may set down a pretty bit of history relating to still another idol of the public. Monti, of whom this story runs, is as much the queen of pantomime, as our Swede in the realm of song. We quote from a British paper:—

"The Fenella, whose *début* at her Majes-

ty's Theatre was so decided a triumph, presents in the story of her life a curious and touching chapter of that strange history, the Trials of Genius, For, to the rare attribute of true genius, and that of the highest order, Madlle. Monti has an incontestible claim. She is an artist in the widest sense of the word. Endowed by nature with a deep and passionate sense of the beautiful, she has cultivated its development not in one narrow sphere only, but wherever she has been able to command the instruments of creative art. Sculpture and painting, studied with a close application, have enabled her to base on the highest principles that feeling for the Ideal of Grace, and that gift of expression, which seem intuitive in her organization. Neapolitan by birth—the daughter of a sculptor of eminence—Madlle. Monti was surrounded from earliest youth by impressions of all that was most beautiful in form and color. Her years of childhood were scarcely past when the heaviest misfortune that can overtake the children of art fell on her father and so on herself. The successful sculptor lost his sight. His future was darkened for ever. Failure, poverty, despair frowned on the household. The energy and genius of the artist's daughter alone saved him. Young as she was, her utmost industry could not be expected at once to command very solid returns either in the profession so mournfully lost to her father, or in painting, to which her own natural talent strongly pointed. But the young Monti felt that she had another talent, and one of a kind which had sometimes led almost at a bound to greatness. They were now settled at Milan, and at the magnificent Scala she had watched the *ballets d'action*, and had said to herself when some noted professor of mute eloquence drew down the thunders of the house, 'Ed ancor Io son Mima.' She obtained a subaltern engagement, sorely against the wish of the old sculptor, to whom the pursuit of such an art seemed a derogation for his child. Scarcely more than half a year had passed in apprenticeship to her difficult vocation, when one of those opportunities offered itself, which Providence seems sometimes to place specially as stepping stones for true genius on its hard road to fame. *Masaniello* was to be played. The Fenella—the celebrity of that day—taken suddenly ill, was utterly unable to appear. The manager was in despair, the audience impatient. The young Monti, with a just self-confidence, declared her conviction that she could take the part. But just fifteen, with but six months' study in the most difficult of professions, such a *début* was a bold venture, but it won a full success. The new Fenella took the house by storm. The bound was made, the highest pinnacle reached at once, and thenceforward the young Monti was famous as the first Mima in Italy, and therefore in the world."

THE BOOK WORLD.

We notice that the recently issued book of Mr. WILLIS, entitled *Hurrygraphs*, has passed, within a week of its publication, to a second edition.

—— An *American Book of Heraldry* with emblazoned devices of a dozen or two of American families, has made its appearance, under the editorial care of Mr. MAPLESON. It is rich in coloring, delicate in execution, and, we presume, sufficiently correct in detail to preclude any violent discussion. The book is evidence of a new step, and of a new appetite upon this side of the water; and we have not a doubt but that the Heralds' College can feed the appetite most satisfactorily—for a consideration.

—— *Apropos* to this, we may remark that American agriculturalists have hitherto entered their fine cattle upon the roll of the *British Herd-book*. We would respectfully suggest that it is full time for a change, and that there is no reason in the world why there should not be a start given to an *American Herd-book*.

—— *Harpers'* and the *International Magazines* have made their appearance. The first is illustrated with views of the Novelty Works, and the last principally with portraits. It might be worth while to inquire how long the roll of American *celebrities* would hold out against such a severe call upon it as—three a month?

—— A Boston publisher, Mr. GLEASON, has, we perceive, undertaken a pictorial sheet similar in many respects to the *Pictorial Times* of London. He has succeeded thus far very creditably; but he has formidable rivals to contend with in the artists of London and Paris. We have comparatively few designers in wood in this country, who possess the education of an artist. Mere wood cutting, however deftly done, will not carry tame and spiritless designs into popularity.

—— The *Courier des Etats Unis*, the sprightly and well-edited French journal of this city, is about to become a daily issue. Its full and spirited Paris correspondence, its well-balanced criticism, and its sober and thoughtful remarks upon the topics of the day combine to make it a paper worthy of American translation.